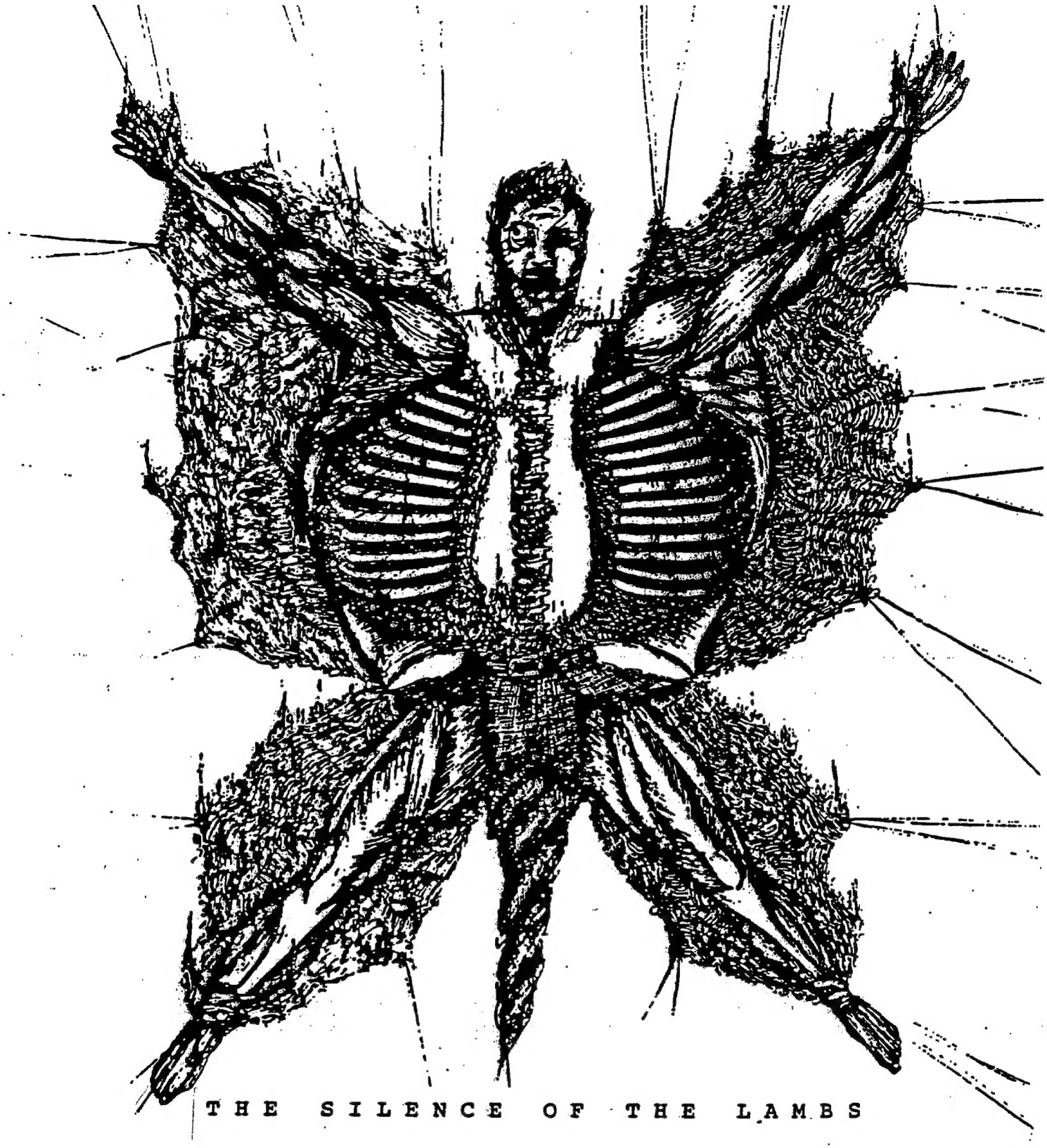

THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS

screenplay by

TED TALLY

based on the novel by

THOMAS HARRIS

SILENCE OF THE LAMBS

REV. 1/15/90

NOTE

For legal reasons, the names of three of Tom Harris's characters have had to be changed. It is my hope, and certainly Tom's, that the original names can be restored in time for the making of this movie.

For the purposes of this draft, however, Jack Crawford has become "Ray Campbell," Frederick Chilton has become "Herbert Prentiss," and Dr. Hannibal Lecter is called "Dr. Gideon Quinn."

FADE IN:

INT. FBI ACADEMY - QUANTICO, VIRGINIA - DAY

CLARICE STARLING approaches us briskly down a long corridor. Trim, very pretty, mid-20s. She wears a gray "FBI Academy" sweatshirt, an ID badge, a navy ball cap. There are grass stains on the knees of her khakis, grass and sweat stains on her shirt. She reaches a closed door, stops, a bit flushed.

A NAME PLATE

there reads "BEHAVIORAL SCIENCE / Special Agent Crawford."

CLARICE

pulls off her cap, then doesn't know where to put it. She takes a deep breath, knocks on the door. No response.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Clarice opens the door, steps hesitantly inside. There is no one here. She looks around the office curiously, seeing it for the first time.

HER POV

A cramped and obsessively cluttered room. Case file materials - police and lab reports, manila folders, photos - are stacked mountainously high on the desk, the floor, the chairs. On the walls: maps, charts, and screaming newspaper headlines ("Buffalo Bill Claims 5th Victim," "FBI: Still No Leads on Buffalo Bill"). Most prominent of all is a row of five enlarged black & white photos - the faces of young women, taken from life.

CLARICE

steps further into the room, staring at

A BLACKBOARD

filled with feverishly scrawled notes: "Big women only... Skinning = Hunter? Trapper?... Lunar cycle? No."

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Starling, Clarice M. Good morning.

NEW ANGLE

as Clarice turns, sees JACK CRAWFORD, 46, who has slipped in behind her. He is haggard, haunted; his face is a road map of places we could not bear to visit. Between this master and

CONT pupil we will come to sense a subtle, muted tug of sexuality. 2 CONT

CLARICE
Good morning, Mr. Crawford.

CRAWFORD
Sorry to pull you off the firing range at such short notice...

He goes to his desk, sets down two folders.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Your instructors tell me you're doing well. Top quarter of your class.

CLARICE
I hope so. They haven't posted any grades.

CRAWFORD
A job's come up and I thought about you. Not really a job, more of - an interesting errand. Here, sit, sit...

He clears a big stack of papers from a seat, then moves around to his own desk chair. As Clarice goes to sit, she catches a brief glimpse of

A SHOCKING PHOTOGRAPH

left behind on her chair: a woman's nude corpse, with all the skin neatly flayed off her back, from shoulders to hips.

CLARICE -

trying to cover her reaction, sets this photo on the floor.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
I remember you from my seminar at the University of Virginia. You grilled me pretty hard, as I recall, on the Bureau's civil-rights record in the Hoover years. I gave you an A.

CLARICE
A minus.

Crawford smiles faintly, opens a folder - her student transcript.

CRAWFORD
Double major, psych and criminology, graduating *magna*. Summer internships at the Reitzinger Clinic. And now you're in training for the FBI... It says here you want to come work for me in Behavioral Science,

CRAWFORD (contd.)
after you finish the Academy. Think you're good enough?

CLARICE
You mentioned a job, sir?

CRAWFORD
(beat)
We're trying to interview all of the serial killers now in custody, for a psychobehavioral profile. Could be a big help in unsolved cases. Most of them have been happy to talk to us. They have a compulsion to boast, these people... Do you spook easily, Starling?

CLARICE
Not yet.

CRAWFORD
You see, the one we want most refuses to cooperate. I want you to go after him again today, in the asylum.

CLARICE
Who's the subject?

CRAWFORD
The psychiatrist - Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

Clarice goes very still. A beat.

CLARICE
Hannibal the Cannibal...

Crawford doesn't respond, except to study her face.

CLARICE (contd.)
Yes, well... Okay, right. I'm glad for the chance, sir, but - why me?

CRAWFORD
I didn't pick you out of a hat, Starling. I've had my eye on you for months. You're qualified and available. And frankly, I can't spare a real agent right now.

Clarice notices, in the corner of the room, a rumpled cot, a hot plate, soiled dishes. She looks back at him.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
I don't expect him to talk to you, but I have to be able to say we tried. Lecter

CRAWFORD (contd.)
was a brilliant psychiatrist, and he knows all the dodges. If he won't cooperate, then I just want straight reporting. How's he look, how's his cell look, what's he writing?
(indicating a second folder)
Dossier on Lecter, copy of our questionnaire, special ID for you. Turn in your memo by 0800 Wednesday.

CLARICE
Excuse me, sir, but - why the urgency? Lecter's been in prison for so many years now... Is there some connection between him and Buffalo Bill?

CRAWFORD
(careful, impassive)
I wish there were.

He holds out the folder. As she rises to take it, he leans forward, very close. His intensity is scary.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Now. I want your full attention, Starling. Are you listening to me?

CLARICE
Yes sir.

CRAWFORD
Be very careful with Hannibal Lecter. Dr. Chilton at the asylum will go over the physical procedures used with him. Do not deviate from them, for any reason. You tell him nothing personal, Starling. Believe me, you don't want Hannibal Lecter inside your head... Just do your job, but never forget what he is.

CLARICE
(a bit unnerved)
And what is that, sir?

CHILTON (V.O.)
Oh, he's a monster. A pure psychopath...

CUT TO:

INT. CHILTON'S OFFICE - BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

CLOSE ON an I.D. card held in a male hand. Clarice's photo, official-looking graphics. It calls her a "Federal Investigator."

CHILTON (contd., O.S.)
It's so rare to capture one alive. From a research point of view, Lecter is our most prized asset...

DR. FREDERICK CHILTON

looks up from his desk. He smiles lecherously at Clarice, stroking her card with his beloved gold pen.

CHILTON (contd.)
You know, we get a lot of detectives here, but I must say, I can't ever remember one so attractive...

NEW ANGLE - REVEALS CLARICE -

now wearing a more feminine skirt suit. Hair neatly coiled, elegant shoulder bag, briefcase. He has rudely left her standing.

CHILTON (contd.)
Will you be in Baltimore overnight...? Because this can be quite a fun town, if you have the right guide.

Clarice tries, unsuccessfully, to hide her distaste for him.

CLARICE
I'm sure it's a great town, Dr. Chilton, but my instructions are to talk to Lecter and report back this afternoon.

CHILTON
(pause; sourly)
I see.
(beat)
Let's make this quick, then. I'm busy.

CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR - UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Clarice flinches as a heavy steel gate CLANGS shut behind her, the bolt shooting home. Chilton walks ahead of her.

CHILTON
We've tried to study him, of course - but he's much too sophisticated for the standard tests. And my, does he hate us! Thinks I'm his nemesis... Crawford's very clever, isn't he? Using you.

CLARICE
How do you mean, Dr. Chilton?

CHILTON
A pretty young woman, to turn him on? I don't believe Lecter's even seen a woman in eight years. And oh, are you ever his taste. So to speak.

CLARICE
I graduated from UVA, Doctor. It's not a charm school.

CHILTON
Good. Then you should be able to remember the rules.

CUT TO:

INT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR - LOWER FLOOR - DAY

A darker, even grimmer area. Heavy grids over the lights. Distant SLAMMINGS and faint, hoarse SHOUTS. They walk briskly.

CHILTON
Do not reach through the bars, do not touch the bars. You pass him nothing but soft paper - no pens or pencils. No staples or paperclips in his paper. Use the sliding food carrier, no exceptions. Do not accept anything he attempts to hold out to you. Do you understand me?

CLARICE
I understand.

CHILTON
I'm going to show you why we insist on such precautions... On the afternoon of July 8, 1981, he complained of chest pains and was taken to the dispensary. His mouthpiece and restraints were removed for an EKG. When the nurse bent over him, he did this to her...

He hands Clarice a small, dog-eared photo. Looking at it, she is stopped in her tracks. This pleases Chilton.

CHILTON (contd.)
The doctors managed to re-set her jaw, more or less, and save one of her eyes. His pulse never got over eighty-five, even when he ate her tongue.
(pause; he smiles)
I keep him in here.

He turns, pushes a button. A steel door BUZZES slowly open, and

BARNEY - a big, impassive orderly - awaits them in an anteroom. On its walls: restraints, mouthpieces, Mace, tranquilizer guns.

CLARICE
(quickly blocking him)
Dr. Chilton - if Lecter feels you're his enemy, then maybe I'll have more luck by myself. What do you think?

CHILTON
(annoyed)
You might have suggested that in my office, and saved me the time.

CLARICE
But then I would've missed the pleasure of your company.

She holds out the photo. A beat. He grabs it, jaw twitching.

CHILTON
When she's finished, bring her out.

He turns on his heel, goes. Barney smiles reassuringly.

BARNEY
Hi, I'm Barney. He told you, don't get near the bars?

CLARICE
(shaking his hand)
Clarice Starling. Yes, he did.

BARNEY
Okay. Past the others, it's the last cell. Stay to the middle. I put out a chair for you.

Sensing her tension, he indicates a nearby security monitor.

BARNEY (contd.)
I'm watching. You'll do fine.

Clarice nods gratefully. She looks down the long corridor, takes a deep breath, walks into it. He watches her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CORRIDOR - DAY

MOVING SHOT - with Clarice, as her footsteps ECHO. High to her right, surveillance cameras. On her left, cells. Shadowy occupants pacing, MUTTERING... Suddenly a dark figure in the next-to-last cell hurtles towards her, his face mashing grotesquely

against his bars as he hisses.

DARK FIGURE
I c-can sssmell your cunt!

Clarice flinches momentarily, but then walks on.

DR. LECTER'S CELL

is coming slowly INTO VIEW... Behind its barred front wall is a second barrier of stout nylon net... Sparse, bolted-down furniture, many softcover books and papers. On the walls, extraordinarily detailed, skillful drawings, mostly European cityscapes, in charcoal or crayon.

CLARICE

stops, at a polite distance from his bars, clears her throat.

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter... My name is Clarice Starling. May I talk with you?

DR. HANNIBAL LECTER

is lounging on his bunk, in white pajamas, reading an Italian Vogue. He turns, considers her... A face so long out of the sun, it seems almost leached - except for the glittering eyes, and the wet red mouth. He rises smoothly, crossing to stand before her: the gracious host. His voice is cultured, soft.

DR. LECTER
Good morning.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM

as Clarice comes a measured distance closer.

CLARICE
Doctor, we have a hard problem in psychological profiling. I want to ask for your help with a questionnaire.

DR. LECTER
"We" being the Behavioral Science Unit, at Quantico. You're one of Jack Crawford's, I expect.

CLARICE
I am, yes.

DR. LECTER
May I see your credentials?

Clarice is surprised, but fishes her ID card from her bag, holds it up for his inspection. He smiles, soothingly.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
Closer, please... clo-ser...

She complies each time, trying to hide her fear. Dr. Lecter's nostrils lift, as he gently, like an animal, tests the air. Then he smiles, glancing at her card.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
That expires in one week. You're not real FBI, are you?

CLARICE
I'm - still in training at the Academy.

DR. LECTER
Jack Crawford sent a trainee to me?

CLARICE
We're talking about psychology, Doctor, not the Bureau. Can you decide for yourself whether or not I'm qualified?

DR. LECTER
Mmmmm... That's rather slippery of you, Agent Starling. Sit. Please.

She sits in the folding metal desk-chair. He waits politely till she's settled, then sits down himself, faces her happily.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
Now then. What did Miggs say to you?
(She is puzzled)
"Multiple Miggs," in the next cell. He hissed at you. What did he say?

CLARICE
He said - "I can smell your cunt."

DR. LECTER
I see. I myself cannot. You use Evyan skin cream, and sometimes you wear L'Air du Temps, but not today. You've brought your best bag, though, haven't you?

CLARICE
(beat)
Yes.

DR. LECTER
It's much better than your shoes.

CLARICE
Maybe they'll catch up.

DR. LECTER
I have no doubt of it.

CLARICE
(shifting uncomfortably)
Did you do those drawings, Doctor?

DR. LECTER
Yes. That's the Duomo, seen from the Belvedere. Do you know Florence?

CLARICE
All that detail, just from memory...?

DR. LECTER
Memory, Agent Starling, is what I have instead of a view.

A pause, then Clarice takes the questionnaire from her case.

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter, if you'd please consider -

DR. LECTER
No, no, no. You were doing fine, you'd been courteous and receptive to courtesy, you'd established trust with the embarrassing truth about Miggs, and now this ham-handed segue into your questionnaire. It won't do. It's stupid and boring.

CLARICE
I'm only asking you to look at this, Doctor. Either you will or you won't.

DR. LECTER
Jack Crawford must be very busy indeed if he's recruiting help from the student body. Busy hunting that new one, Buffalo Bill... Such a naughty boy! Did Jack send you to plead for my advice on him?

CLARICE
No, I came because we need -

DR. LECTER
How many women has he used, our Bill?

CLARICE
Five... so far.

DR. LECTER
All flayed...?

CLARICE
Partially, yes. But Doctor, that's an active case, I'm not involved. If -

DR. LECTER
Do you know why he's called Buffalo Bill? Tell me. The newspapers won't say.

CLARICE
I'll tell you if you'll look at this form.
(He considers, then nods)
It started as a bad joke in Kansas City Homicide. They said... this one likes to skin his humps.

DR. LECTER
Witless and misleading. Why do you think he removes their skins, Agent Starling? Thrill me with your acumen.

CLARICE
It excites him. Most serial killers keep some sort of - trophies.

DR. LECTER
I didn't.

CLARICE
No. You ate yours.

A tense beat, then a smile from him, at this small boldness.

DR. LECTER
Send that through.

She rolls him the questionnaire, in his sliding food tray. He rises, glances at it, turning a page or two disdainfully.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
Oh, Agent Starling... do you think you can dissect me with this blunt little tool?

CLARICE
No. I only hoped that your knowledge -

Suddenly he whips the tray back at her, with a metallic CLANG that makes her start. His voice remains a pleasant purr.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
You're sooo ambitious, aren't you...?
You know what you look like to me, with

DR. LECTER (contd.)
your good bag and your cheap shoes? You look like a rube. A well-scrubbed, hustling rube with a little taste... Good nutrition has given you some length of bone, but you're not more than one generation from poor white trash, are you - Agent Starling...? That accent you've tried so desperately to shed - pure West Virginia. What is your father, dear? Is he a coal miner? Does he stink of the lamp...?

His every word strikes her like a small, precise dart.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
And oh, how quickly the boys found you! All those tedious, sticky fumblings, in the back seats of cars, while you could only dream of getting out. Getting anywhere, yes? Getting all the way - to the F...B...I.

CLARICE
(shaken)
You see a lot, Dr. Lecter. But are you strong enough to point that high-powered perception at yourself? How about it...? Look at yourself and write down the truth.
(She slams the tray back at him)
Or maybe you're afraid to.

DR. LECTER
You're a tough one, aren't you?

CLARICE
Reasonably so. Yes.

DR. LECTER
And you'd hate to think you were common. My, wouldn't that sting! Well you're far from common, Clarice Starling. All you have is the fear of it.
(beat)
Now please excuse me. Good day.

CLARICE
And the questionnaire...?

DR. LECTER
A census taker once tried to test me. I ate his liver with some fava beans and a nice chianti... Fly back to school, little Starling.

He steps backwards, then returns to his cot, becoming as still and remote as a statue. Frustrated, Clarice hesitates, then finally shoulders her bag and goes, leaving the questionnaire in his tray. But after just a few steps, as she passes -

MIGG'S CELL -

she sees that creature at his bars again, hissing at her.

MIGGS
I b-bit my wrist so I can diiiieeee!
S-see how it bleeeeeeeds?

The dark figure suddenly flings his palm towards her, and -

CLARICE

is spattered on the face and neck - not with blood, but with pale droplets of semen. She gives a little cry, touching her fingers to the wetness. Stunned, near tears, she forces herself to straighten up and walk on, fumbling for a tissue. From behind her, Dr. Lecter calls out, very agitated.

DR. LECTER (O.S.)
Agent Starling... Agent Starling!

Clarice slows, stops. She shudders, but makes the very difficult choice to turn, walk back, stand again in front of -

DR. LECTER -

who's shivering with rage. For an instant his face opens, and we catch a glimpse into hell itself. Then he's composed again.

DR. LECTER
I would not have had that happen to you.
Discourtesy is - unspeakably ugly to me.

CLARICE
Then please - do this test for me.

DR. LECTER
No. But I will make you happy... I'll give you a chance for what you love most, Clarice Starling.

CLARICE
What's that, Dr. Lecter?

DR. LECTER
Advancement, of course.
(beat)
Go to Split City. See Miss Mofet, an old patient of mine. M-O-F-E-T...

DR. LECTER (contd.)
Now go. Go.
(a smile)
I don't think Miggs could manage again so soon, even if he is crazy - do you?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The grim gothic pile of the asylum looms overhead as Clarice rushes out the front doors. She is badly shaken, almost stumbling, as she rubs at her face. She looks around and finally, with some relief, spots -

HER CAR

an old Pinto, parked nearby. This image begins to BLUR...

CLOSE ON

her face, fighting tears, as the CAMERA begins to WHIRL AROUND her, almost dizzily. She is seeing, in her mind's eye -

IN FLASHBACK

A screen door banging open, on a wooden porch, and a 10-year old girl - the young Clarice - rushing outside, down the front steps, and running joyfully across her front yard to -

MOVING ANGLE - THE GIRL'S POV -

A car - late 60's vintage - parked in the dirt road. A MAN, Clarice's father, is just climbing out. He's tall, handsome, and has a marshal's badge pinned on his dark suit. He grins, seeing her, and spreads his arms wide as

THE YOUNG CLARICE

rushes into them, and he sweeps her up in a hug, spinning her around, the CAMERA SPINNING with them, and capturing both their laughing faces, before we abruptly return to -

THE ADULT CLARICE

alone in the parking lot, sagging against her car. Her face is buried in her arms, her shoulders shaking. SOUND UPCUT - a steady, rapid series of GUNSHOTS, as we

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY FIRING RANGE - DAY

A gunnery instructor, JOHN BRIGHAM - 45, ex-Marine - makes a

slight adjustment to Clarice's hand position. She's in a combat stance, wearing a sound-muffling headset, as she squeezes off ROUND after ROUND at

A MOVING TARGET -

the sillouette of a man, approaching along a track. Her shots, tightly grouped, are all finding the center chest. The target stops, quite close to her, still swaying.

CLARICE

stares at it, deftly working her speedloader. Then she puts a final, emphatic shot right through the figure's forehead, from point-blank range. Brigham looks at her, surprised.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY LIBRARY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a microfilm monitor - a grainy newsphoto of Lecter, scrawling past, with an accompanying story ("New Horrors in Cannibal Trial"), dated 1980.

CLARICE

is punching keys on the terminal. Other trainees study at nearby tables. She pauses, jotting a note on her pad, as ARDELIA MAPP comes by - a poised, very clever young black woman, carrying an armful of books.

ARDELIA
Phone call, Clarice.
(whispers)
It's God almighty.

CLARICE
r. Crawford...
(Ardelia nods, impressed)
Thanks, Ardelia.

Clarice quickly rises, grabbing her notebook, and follows Ardelia past high metal bookstacks.

ARDELIA
You missed Fourth Amendment law.
Unlawful seizure, real juicy stuff.
Where were you all afternoon?

CLARICE
Pleading with a crazy man, with come
all over my face.

Ardelia stares at her, laughs.

ARDELIA
Damn. Wish I had time for a social life.

Clarice grins, as Ardelia indicates a phone receiver resting on the check-out desk, then moves on. Clarice picks it up.

CLARICE
(on phone)
Sir?

CUT TO:

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE - NIGHT - LAMP LIGHT

Crawford sits hunched over his desk, under the stares of the five victims. His tone is clipped, sharp.

CRAWFORD
I've read your interim memo on Lecter. You've left nothing out?

INTERCUTTING -

CLARICE
It's all there, sir, practically verbatim.

CRAWFORD
Every word, Starling? Every gesture?

CLARICE
(a bit heatedly)
Right down to my Kleenex.
(He is silent)
Sir, why? Is something wrong?

CRAWFORD
He mentioned a name, at the very end. "Mofet..." Any followup on her?

CLARICE
Lecter altered or destroyed most of his patient histories, prior to capture. No record of anyone named Mofet. But "Split City" sounded like it might have have something to do with divorce. I tracked it down in the library's catalogue of national yellow pages.
(glancing at her notes)
It's a mini-storage facility outside Baltimore, where Lecter had his practice.

She pauses, expecting some sort of approval for her cleverness.

CRAWFORD
Well? Why aren't you there right now?

CLARICE
Sir, that's a field job. It's outside the scope of your assignment. And I've got a test tomorrow on -

CRAWFORD
Do you recall my instructions to you, Starling? What were they?

CLARICE
To complete and file my report by 0800 Wednesday. But sir -

CRAWFORD
Then do that, Starling. Do just exactly that. Notify our Baltimore office, get a search warrant, and go there.

CLARICE
Sir, what is it? There's something you're not telling me.

CRAWFORD
(beat)
Miggs is dead.

CLARICE
(startled, upset)
Dead...? How?

CRAWFORD
The orderly heard Lecter whispering to him, all afternoon, and Miggs crying. They found him at bed check. He'd swallowed his own tongue... Chilton is scared stiff the family will file a civil rights lawsuit, and he's trying to blame it on you. I told the little prick your conduct was flawless.
(beat)
Starling...?

CLARICE
I'm here, sir, I just - I don't know how to feel about it.

CRAWFORD
You don't have to feel any way about it. Lecter did it to amuse himself. Why not, what can we do? Take away his books for awhile, and no jello...

CRAWFORD (contd.)
(beat, then a bit softer)
I know it got ugly today. But this is your report, Starling - take it just as far as you can. On your <u>own</u> time, outside of class. Now carry on.

ANGLE ON CLARICE -

as we hear the loud CLICK of Crawford hanging up. She stares at her receiver, stung by his abruptness.

CLARICE
Well God damn it! You old creep. Creepo son of a bitch. Let Miggs squirt <u>you</u> and see how you like it.

She slams her receiver into its cradle.

ANGLE ON CRAWFORD -

as he stares down at two faces on his desk, brooding. One is a student ID picture of Clarice, the other a mug shot of Lecter. Slowly he moves the two photos together, until their edges are precisely aligned... SOUND UPCUT - THUNDER and RAIN, as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "SPLIT CITY MINI-STORAGE" - DUSK (RAINING)

An orange neon sign, streaked with rain, identifies our location. It looms over a hurricane fence, topped with barbed wire. Inside, row on row of garage-sized, cinderblock sheds.

MR. YOW (V.O.)
Unit 31 was leased for ten years. Prepaid in full... The contract is in the name of a "Miss Hester Mofet."

CUT TO:

EXT. *STORAGE UNIT NUMBER 31 - DUSK*

Clarice, kneeling before a closed, roll-up metal door, takes a FLASH photo of its sealed padlock. EVERETT YOW, a fat, 60ish Chinaman, holds an umbrella over them both. He looks unhappy.

CLARICE
So no one's been in here since - 1980?

She opens the padlock, using a fat ring of tagged keys, then sets aside both keys and lock.

MR. YOW
Not to my knowledge. Privacy is a great concern to my customers.

CLARICE
I won't disturb anything, Mr. Yow, I promise. Be gone before you know it.

Slinging her camera over a shoulder, she tugs at the handle, but the door won't budge. Another tug, harder - no good. Mr. Yow stoops to help, puffing hard, but it's firmly stuck. He sighs.

MR. YOW
We could return tomorrow, with my son. Or perhaps some workmen...?

Clarice crosses to her Pinto, which faces the shed, reaches in to turn on her headlights. Mr. Yow blinks in the sudden brightness. Then she opens her trunk, rummaging inside, and returns with a bumper jack, a flashlight, and a rubber floor mat.

CLARICE
Would you hold these, please?

She gives him her flashlight and camera, drops the mat on the ground, then sets the bumper jack in place. She pumps on the handle as the door SQUEALS slowly up, but it sticks at about 18 inches. She spreads out the rubber mat on the cement, takes the flashlight from Mr. Yow, then lies on the mat.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STORAGE SHED - DUSK (VERY DARK)

Clarice, backlit, peers under the door. She reaches in, makes a sweep with her flashlight. We catch shadowy outlines - boxes, then the flattened tires of a car... SOUND of rain on the tin roof, and other noises, too - small RUSTLINGS. Mr. Yow's chubby face appears down beside Clarice's.

MR. YOW
It smells like mice... I think I hear them, too - don't you?

Clarice turns onto her back, starts squirming under the door.

MR. YOW (contd.)
You're going in there?

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. STORAGE UNIT NUMBER 31 - DUSK

Clarice pulls her head back out again, reaching to take her cam-

era from him. She hands him a card, trying for nonchalance.

CLARICE
Mr. Yow, if this door should fall down - ha ha! - or anything else - would you be kind enough to call this number? It's our Baltimore field office. They know you're here with me... Do you understand?

MR. YOW
Might I suggest tucking your pants into your socks? To prevent mouse intrusion.

CLARICE
(beat)
Good idea.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STORAGE SHED - DUSK (VERY DARK)

As Clarice squirms, on her back, through the narrow opening, she snags her thigh on the edge of the door. She curses softly, her flashlight revealing a small streak of blood on her khakis.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
Okay, Miss Starling?

CLARICE
Okay, Mr. Yow...

She shines her light around. In its narrow beam, we see -

CLARICE'S POV - UPWARD, SHIFTING -

Spiderwebs, everywhere... high stacks of cardboard boxes... the big car, oddly long and tall, covered with a tarp... Suddenly there's a scurrying of loud MUSICAL NOTES. Clarice turns, scared, her beam capturing... an old upright piano.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
You're playing a piano, Miss Starling?

CLARICE
That wasn't me.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
Oh.

CLARICE

finally manages to wriggle upright, clawing away cobwebs, next to the car. Slinging her camera over her shoulder, she folds back the tarp. The resulting clouds of dust make her cough.

THE CAR -

is an antique beauty, a 1931 Packard. Curtains close off the back passenger compartment, but there's a narrow gap in them.

CLARICE

peers in through this gap, aiming her flashlight.

HER POV - SHIFTING -

as the thin flashlight beam picks out: an open album of lacy, old-fashioned Valentines... a crumpled lap rug, on the floor... and then a pair of women's shiny, high-heeled pumps... Above these, the hem of a fancy satin evening gown - and a pair of stockinged legs.

CLARICE

recoils, alarmed, then steadies herself.

CLARICE
Mr. Yow? Oh Mr. Yow...? It looks like somebody is sitting in this car.

MR. YOW (O.S.)
Oh my! Oh my... Maybe you better come out now, Miss Starling.

CLARICE
Not yet! - just wait for me.
(under her breath)
Maybe in about two seconds.

She leans down with her camera, takes a FLASH through the gap, then tries the door handle. Locked. So is the front door. She looks around, aiming her light, and locates a tangle of coat-hangers, sticking out of a carton of bric-a-brac. She pulls out one of these, straightens it quickly, bends the tip into a hook.

CLOSE ANGLE

as she jams this tool inside the join at the top of the back passenger window, then fishes around till she can snag the inside door latch, pulling up. A satisfying CLICK.

CLARICE

opens the door - it hits stacked boxes, and won't open far - then very cautiously leans inside, aiming her flashlight.

HER POV - MOVING LIGHT BEAM -

revealing more of the evening gown... a pair of hands, in white, elbow-length gloves - one rests on the lap, the other

atop a large, beaded, drawstring evening bag... thick strands of costume pearls over the breasts... and finally the white neck stub of a female mannequin. No face or head.

CLARICE

sighs with relief. She takes a couple more FLASHES, then very carefully lifts out the Valentine album, holding it by the corners, and sets it atop the car. Then she eases herself inside, onto the back seat, as the springs SQUEAK loudly.

ONE GLOVED HAND

slides off the lap, brushing Clarice's thigh.

CLARICE

starts a bit, then pokes at the gloved arm, hard. She peels back a bit of glove, revealing the white, synthetic elbow. She smiles, shaking her head at her own jumpiness, as she reaches over the mannequin's lap to loosen the evening bag's drawstring.

A SEVERED HUMAN HEAD

stares back at her, as the beaded material slides away.

CLARICE

lurches back, gasping loudly, and several long, heart-pounding moments pass before she can make herself look more closely.

THE HEAD

bobs gently in a pool of alcohol, in a laboratory specimen jar. It is a man's head, but grotesquely transformed, by the addition of heavy makeup, earrings, and a sodden wig, into a woman's face. Over the years the makeup has smeared badly, and the pupils have gone almost milky white.

CLARICE -

staring at this terrible thing, is pleased to find herself quickly regaining control. She murmurs to herself.

CLARICE
Well, Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. DR. LECTER'S ASYLUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (RAINING)

A loud clap of THUNDER, as a flash of LIGHTNING illuminates the eerie towers and barred windows of the asylum.

MOVING ANGLE

on Clarice as she climbs from her car, runs through heavy rain towards the main entrance, where Barney admits her.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DIM LIGHT)

On a noiseless TV screen, an evangelist rants, waving his arms. Behind him, a swaying choir in gaudy robes.

CLARICE (O.S.)
It's an anagram, isn't it, Doctor?

PAN TO Clarice, with her wet hair plastered flat, sitting on the corridor floor to one side of this TV, which has been positioned so that Dr. Lecter cannot avoid seeing it.

CLARICE (contd.)
Hester Mofet... "The rest of me."
Miss The-Rest-of-Me... Meaning, you rented that garage.

HER POV -

He's lost in shadows; we can't see him. The food carrier suddenly SWISHES out of the cell, making her jump up. In its tray is a clean, folded white towel. She hesitates, then crosses, takes it.

CLARICE (contd.)
Thank you.

She sits again, rubbing her wet hair. When he finally speaks, he's on the floor, too - a deeper, hunching darkness in the shadows, occasionally striped by the flickering TV light.

DR. LECTER
Your bleeding has stopped.

CLARICE
How did -
(She stops herself)
It's nothing. A scratch... Dr. Lecter, who is he? Why keep him hidden, all these years...? And why reveal him now?

DR. LECTER
Why don't you ask me about Buffalo Bill?

CLARICE
(surprised, a beat)
Do you know something about him?

DR. LECTER
I might if I saw the case file. You could get that for me.

CLARICE
Why don't you tell me about "Miss Mofet?" You wanted me to find him. Or do I have to wait for the lab?

DR. LECTER
(sighs)
His real name is Benjamin Raspail. A former patient of mine, whose romantic attachments ran to, shall we say, the exotic...? I didn't kill him, I assure you. Merely tucked him away. Very much as I found him, after he'd missed three appointments.

CLARICE
If you didn't kill him, then who did?

DR. LECTER
Who can say...? Best thing for him, really. His therapy was going nowhere.

CLARICE
His dress, that makeup... Raspail was a transvestite?

DR. LECTER
In life? Oh no. Garden variety manic depressive, very boring. No, think of him as a kind of experiment. A fledgling killer's first effort at - transformation?
(beat)
How did you feel when you saw him, Clarice? May I call you Clarice?

CLARICE
Scared, at first. Then - exhilarated.

DR. LECTER
Ahhh... Why?

CLARICE
The challenge.

DR. LECTER
Do you have something you use, when you need to get up your courage? Memories, tableaux... scenes from early life?

CLARICE
I don't know. Next time I'll have to check.

DR. LECTER
Jack Crawford is helping your career, isn't he? Apparently he likes you. And you like him, too.

CLARICE
I never thought about it.

DR. LECTER
Your first lie to me, Clarice. How sad. Tell me - do you think Crawford wants you, sexually? True, he's much older, but - do you think he visualizes... scenarios, exchanges...? Fucking you?

CLARICE
That doesn't interest me, Doctor. And it's the sort of thing Miggs would ask.

DR. LECTER
Not anymore.
(beat)
Surely the odd confluence of events hasn't escaped you, Clarice. Jack dangles you in front of me. Then I give you a little something for your resume. Do you think it's because I like to look at you, and imagine how good you would taste...?

CLARICE
I don't know. Is it?

DR. LECTER
There's something Jack can give me, and I want to trade for it. But he hates me, so he won't deal directly. That's why you're here.

Dr. Lecter slowly turns up the rheostat in his cell. As his lights rise, we see that the cell's been stripped bare. Gone are his books, drawings, mattress - even his toilet seat. She stands, too, startled. They face each other.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
Punishment, you see. For Miggs. Just like that gospel program. When you leave, they'll turn the volume way up. Chilton does enjoy his petty torments.

CLARICE
What did you mean by "transformation," Dr. Lecter?

DR. LECTER
I've been in this room for eight years, Clarice. I know they will never, ever let me out while I'm alive. What I want is a view. I want a window where I can see a tree, or even water. I want to be in a federal institution, away from Chilton - and I want a view. I'll give good value for it.

CLARICE
What did you mean by "fledgling" killer? Are you saying he's killed again?

DR. LECTER
I'm offering you a psychological profile of Buffalo Bill, based on the case evidence. I'll help you catch him, Clarice.

CLARICE
(almost a whisper)
You know, don't you? Tell me who murdered your patient.

DR. LECTER
All good things to those who wait. I've waited, Clarice. But how long can you and Jack...? Our Billy must already be searching for that next special lady.
(a beat; then, genially)
Clarice... smile! We're going to be partners.

As Clarice stares back at him, unsure how to respond...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - NIGHT

INFRA-RED, POV ANGLE - through night-vision goggles, which produce an eerie green tint. The POV FOLLOWS a slowly moving car, as it locates a parking space, stops. Nearby are other cars, RVs, a boat on a trailer. A thin, breast-high fog fills the lot. A young woman climbs from the car, reaches back in for two bags of groceries, hefts them, and crosses to a first floor apartment, the POV FOLLOWING her. She unlocks her door, disappears inside. The POV MOVES QUICKLY BACK to the open car door... where a third grocery bag still rests on the seat.

THE WATCHER'S FACE

is obscured by his big, spooky, hi-tech mask. But his brief smile, below the goggles, is plain enough. His hands reach up, starting to remove them...

CATHERINE MARTIN

re-emerges from her apartment, crossing back to her car. She is 21, a tall, big-boned, rather fleshy girl with long brown hair. She straightens with her final bag of groceries, shuts her car's door. Then she sees, a short distance away -

A MAN -

standing at the open rear door of a brown panel truck. His right forearm is in a cast and sling; he is struggling, unsuccessfully, to hoist an armchair into the truck.

CATHERINE

hesitates, then crosses towards him. Her accent is southern.

CATHERINE
Help you with that?

MAN
Would you? Thanks.

His voice is odd, very soft. The shadows obscure his features, but his body is plump, above average height. She sets down her bag, then together they easily lift the chair into the truck.

MAN (contd.)
Let's slide it up, you mind?

CUT TO:

INT. THE PANEL TRUCK - NIGHT

He climbs inside. She hesitates again, but climbs in after him; together they slide the chair forward, behind the seats.

MAN
Are you about a size 14?

CATHERINE
(surprised)
What?

Suddenly, in the shadowy dark, he clubs her over the head with his cast. She moans, slumps unconscious onto her stomach. He crawls over her, pulls the door shut, then tugs off his cast and sling, tosses them aside. He bends over her with a flashlight. We hear, with him, her shallow BREATHING.

MAN
Good.

He peels back the collar of her blouse, reading the size tag.

MAN (contd.)
Good.

He carefully slits her blouse up the back, using a pair of bandage scissors, then peels apart the two halves. There's no bra strap. He strokes her bare skin delicately, very happily.

MAN (contd.)
Gooood...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LOW ANGLE - CLOSE - on Catherine's grocery bag, as her blouse is tossed out beside it. SOUND of the truck's engine starting, and then it drives quickly away, taillights shrinking...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Clarice, wearing boxing gloves and headgear, is shoved violently from behind. She spins, punching her attacker, a burly male trainee who shields himself with a thick leather pad.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)
Number Three...! Number Two...!

WIDER ANGLE

as we see that Clarice is trapped in a "box" created by four "assailants." As the instructor shouts commands, they attack her from different compass points, and she must continually whirl to defend herself.

INSTRUCTOR (contd.)
Number One! Number Two! Number One!

BRIGHAM (O.S.)
Clarice Starling!

The instructor blows a WHISTLE, stopping the drill. Clarice doubles over, gasping for breath. Ardelia, an enthusiastic attacker, lowers her guard pad, grinning. They both look at

BRIGHAM

standing nearby. He gestures impatiently for her to join him.

CLARICE

straightens, nods to him, flushed. But before going, she can't resist a final sucker punch, smack into Ardelia's pad.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ACADEMY BUILDING - DAY

Clarice and Brigham walk briskly down the hall, passing other trainees. She is excited.

BRIGHAM
Saddle up, get your field gear. You're goin' with Crawford.

CLARICE
Where?

BRIGHAM
Some fishermen in West Virginia found an unidentified girl's body. It's a Buffalo Bill-type situation. Been in the water about a week, and Jack needs somebody that can print a floater. Think you can handle it?

CLARICE
(thinking quickly)
I'll need the big fingerprint kit... and the one-to-one Polaroid, the CU-5, with film packs and batteries.

BRIGHAM
Already on the plane.

CUT TO:

INT. BEECHCRAFT PLANE - DAY (FLYING)

CLARICE'S POV - out the plane's window, at the landscape far below. Wisps of cloud, a quilt of farms.

CLARICE

turns from the window, looks at a thick folder in her lap. The cover reads "Case File: / BUFFALO BILL." She hesitates, then opens the file, begins to scan.

INSERT - HER POV -

A stack of victim photos. The first one, taken from a good distance away, shows a nude female body, face down on a pebbly riverbank, surrounded by bits of litter.

CLARICE

hesitates again, then flips this photo to look at the next. It makes her flinch, just slightly. Quickly she turns through sev-

eral more photos, trying hard to concentrate.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
He keeps them alive for three days.

NEW ANGLE -

shows Crawford standing over her, swaying with the plane's motion. Behind him, the open cockpit door, the pilot's back. Crawford sits, removing sunglasses. He rubs his eyes.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Why, we don't yet know... There's no evidence of rape or physical abuse prior to death. All the mutilation you see there is post-mortem...
(a beat; he glances at her)
I'm hot, are you hot? Bobby, it's too damned hot back here...

The pilot adjusts a valve. Crawford turns to her again.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
So. Three days. Then he shoots them, skins them - usually just the torsos - and dumps them, each body in a different river. The water leaves us no fingerprints, no fibers - no trace evidence at all. That's Fredrica Bimmel, the first one...

A COLOR PHOTO - IN CLARICE'S HANDS -

shows a pretty, plump-cheeked brunette, in her high school graduation cap and gown. She smiles at us with touching optimism.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Big girl, like all the rest... Her corpse was the only one he took the trouble to weight down, so actually, she was the third girl found. After her, he got lazy...

NEW ANGLE -

as Clarice stares at the girl's face, moved. Crawford pulls a map from the file, spreads it out. It shows the central and eastern U.S., with widely-spaced, hand-drawn markings.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Squares where the girls were abducted. Triangles where their bodies were found. This new one, today... washed up here.
(He marks with a Flair pen)
Elk River, in West Virginia... Real boonies.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY (DRIVING)

Crawford steers, following a highway patrol car along a winding mountain road. Clarice has the file open on her lap. He glances at her, inscrutable behind his sunglasses.

CRAWFORD
Talk about him, Starling. Tell me what you see.

CLARICE
He's a white male... Serial killers tend to hunt within their own ethnic group. And he's not a drifter - he's got his own house, somewhere. Not an apartment.

CRAWFORD
Why?

CLARICE
What he does with them - takes privacy... Time, tools... He's in his 30's or 40's - he's got real physical strength, but combined with an older man's self-control. He's cautious, precise, never impulsive... And he'll never stop.

CRAWFORD
Why not?

CLARICE
He's got a real taste for it now. And he's getting better at his work.

CRAWFORD
(a beat; impressed)
Maybe you've got a knack for this... I guess we're about to find out.

CLARICE
(quietly, evenly)
Like I have a "knack" for Dr. Lecter?

He studies her a few moments, measuring her anger.

CRAWFORD
Okay, Starling. Let's have it.

CLARICE
You haven't said a word today about that garage. Or Lecter's offer.

CRAWFORD
I'm still considering it.

CLARICE
You never cared about that questionnaire. You want his help with Buffalo Bill... That's why you sent me to him in the first place, isn't it.

CRAWFORD
Go on.

CLARICE
He starts this - buzzing in me, in my head. He makes me feel violated... You used me, Mr. Crawford.

A shadow of regret passes over his face, but he answers sternly.

CRAWFORD
If I'd sent you in there with a real agenda, he would've known it, instantly. He would've toyed with you, then turned to stone.

She starts to answer, then is silent. He is right.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Lecter's got spooky powers... uncanny insight. His profile of Bill could narrow the field and save us weeks. But lying and breathing are the same thing to him. And meanwhile - today - we've got other work to do...

By now the two cars are entering a tidy little town: tree-lined streets, wooden houses, one-story shops, mountains in the b.g. They slow, turn.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
One more thing, Starling. You don't have to like me, or the way I get results. But you do have to keep a cool head. Because from here on out, you'll know everything I do. Are we straight on that?

Clarice nods, silently; it's as close to an apology as she's likely to get. She stares out the windshield.

JUST AHEAD OF THEM -

the highway patrol cruiser noses into a curb, next to other police cars, facing a big white frame house. Its sign reads

"Potter Funeral Home." Two troopers climb from the car.

CRAWFORD

parks too, then kills the engine. He turns to her, removing his sunglasses, gestures to the case file.

CRAWFORD
(softly)
You think about Buffalo Bill long enough, you start to get a feel for him... Then, if you're lucky, out of all the stuff you know, one little part of it tugs at you, tries to get your attention... You let me know when that happens. Don't try to impose any patterns on this guy. Just stay open and let him show you...

One of the troopers peers in through Crawford's window. Crawford nods to him, then turns back to Clarice.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
School's out, Starling.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OF THE FUNERAL HOME - POTTER, WEST VA. - DAY

SOUND of organ music, as Clarice, carrying her fingerprint kit, mounts some steps to the sidewalk. She stops, seeing -

COUNTRY PEOPLE

in their somber best, filing into the mortuary for a service. The music - "Shall We Gather At The River?" - is issuing from the open double doors. Several of the mourners glance over at her curiously.

ANGLE ON CLARICE -

staring back at the mourners, hearing the music, as a sense memory is triggered in her...

IN FLASHBACK - LOW ANGLE, MOVING -

as we approach, down the aisle of a country chapel, an open wooden coffin. Sad country faces turn, looking at us from the flanking pews. The b.g. organ hymn is "Shall We Gather...?"

THE SAD, 10 YEAR-OLD CLARICE -

in her best dress, is reluctantly approaching the casket. Her hands are held by the plump hands of unseen matrons.

CHILD'S POV -

on the looming coffin... closer and closer... until finally she can see, lying inside it... her dead father, arms folded, his marshal's badge still pinned to his lapel.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Starling...?

NEW ANGLE (PRESENT DAY) -

as the grownup Clarice turns towards the impatient Crawford. Like her, he carries a large case.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
We're around back.

CUT TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME - BACK CORRIDOR - DAY

Several state troopers and a SHERIFF are all waiting in the cluttered corridor, as Crawford and Clarice enter. The MUSIC is closer. Crawford shakes hands with the sheriff.

CRAWFORD
Sheriff Perkins? Jack Crawford, FBI...
This is Agent Starling. We appreciate being invited into your jurisdiction.

SHERIFF
(grim, unsociable)
I didn't call you. That was somebody from the state attorney's office... 'For you do a thing else, I'm gon' find out if this girl's local. It could just be somethin' that outside elements has dumped on us.

He casts a sidelong, unhappy glance at Clarice.

CRAWFORD
Wellsir, that's where we can help. If -

SHERIFF
I don't even know you, Mister... Now we'll extend you ever courtesy, just soon as we <u>can</u>, but for right now -

CRAWFORD
Sheriff, this, ah - this type of sex crime has some aspects I'd rather discuss just between the two of us. Know what I mean?

He indicates Clarice with his eyes. The sheriff hesitates, nods, then lets Crawford guide him into a small office, closing the door behind them. Muffled WORDS from there.

CLARICE -

burning at this slight, is left alone with the troopers, who peek at her with shy curiosity. Self-conscious about the unaccustomed bulge of her shoulder holster, she rearranges the drape of her blazer.

ANGLE ON THE OFFICE DOOR -

as, after a few more moments, the sheriff and Crawford emerge. The sheriff, still not very happy, addresses a trooper.

SHERIFF
Oscar, run fetch Dr. Akin from the chapel. And tell Lamar to come on when he's done playin' that music.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBALMING ROOM - DAY

Crawford, in one corner of the room, has set up a Litton Policefax fingerprint transmitter. SOUND of many men's low voices, in b.g. He is on the phone, and has to speak loudly.

CRAWFORD
I need a six-way linkup! Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Atlanta, and Dallas... What?... Can you hear me...?

He looks around, frustrated by the noisy circus atmosphere.

CLARICE

is pulling on a pair of surgical gloves. She raises her voice, turning up her natural accent by several notches.

CLARICE
Gentlemen. You officers and gentlemen! Listen here a minute, please. There's things I need to do for her...

WIDER ANGLE -

as we see that the small room is very crowded with deputies and troopers. They gradually fall silent, looking at her.

CLARICE (contd., O.S.)
Y'all brought her this far, and I know

CLARICE (contd., O.S.)
her folks would thank you if they could. Now please - go on out and let me take care of her... Go on, now.

The men look at one another, a little bashfully, then begin to file out, whispering among themselves. As they go, a bright green body bag is REVEALED, tightly zipped, lying on a porcelain embalming table. It is almost the only modern object in this Victorian room, with its glass-paned cabinets and faded wallpaper, decorated with cabbage roses.

FAVORING CRAWFORD -

as he looks at Clarice with a new degree of respect. Men brush by him, till finally only two are left: DR. AKIN, a family g.p., and LAMAR, a lean, whiskey-reddened mortician.

CRAWFORD
(on phone)
We're starting. Tell everybody to stand by for fingerprint transmission.

CLARICE -

at a side counter, has turned back to her open fingerprint kit. She is lifting out a camera when she hears the ZIPPER of the body bag being slowly opened, behind her... One gloved hand flies to her mouth as she reacts, involuntarily, to the sudden smell. She blinks at her reflection in the cabinet glass, then steels herself to turn, look at the corpse.

CLARICE
(pause; softly)
Bill...

She steadies herself by raising her camera, takes a FLASH photo.

LOW ANGLE - LOOKING UP, FROM BENEATH TABLE -

as Dr. Akin gently lifts aside one of the dead girl's arms. A piece of fishing line, with multiple hooks, is still snagged around it, dangling. Crawford leans in for a closer look.

DR. AKIN
Wrongful death... She'll have to go to the state pathologist at Claxton when you're done.
(Crawford nods)
I better - get on back for the rest of that service. Lamar'll help you.
(shaken)
Lord almighty...

He leaves, and Clarice leans INTO SHOT, taking another photo.

CRAWFORD
What do you see, Starling?

CLARICE
Well, she's not local. Her ears are pierced three times each, and she's wearing green glitter nail polish. Looks like town to me...

CLOSE ANGLE

on the calf of one of the girl's legs, as Clarice trails the inside of her bare wrist along the skin.

CLARICE (contd., O.S.)
She waxed her legs, I think... A big girl, just like the others - but she was careful about her appearance...

UPWARD ANGLE AGAIN -

as Lamar joins them for a closer look.

CLARICE (contd.)
Two of her fingernails are broken off, and there's - dirt or grit under the others. She tried to claw her way through something... I'll scrape out samples after I've printed her.

She takes another FLASH, then quickly reloads film.

LAMAR
Them fishhooks are set too close together. No wonder the Franklin boys was scared to say they found her.

CLARICE
That's an illegal trotline, isn't it?

Crawford and Lamar both look at her curiously.

CLARICE (contd.)
(to Crawford)
It's a Fish and Game violation. Like poaching. There's a big fine.

LAMAR
Right... Are you from around here?

CLARICE
They do it lots of places.

CRAWFORD
Get photos of her teeth. We'll fax them through Missing Persons.

SIDE ANGLE - CLOSE

on the dead girl's face. Staring blue eyes, short reddish hair. Clarice sets the Polaroid, with its special attachments, against the face, while Lamar gently retracts the lips. Each time the camera FLASHES, there's a bright glow inside the cheeks.

NEW ANGLE - CHEST HIGH

as Clarice examines a developing print.

CLARICE
She's got something in her throat.

She hands the print to Crawford; he and Lamar look at it, as she searches in her kit.

LAMAR
When a body comes out of the water, alots of times there's like, leaves and things in the mouth.

Clarice holds up a pair of forceps. She glances at Crawford, who nods. She bends over, partially OUT OF SHOT, and after a few moments reappears, holding up a small, brown cylindrical object. She turns this in the air, as they all stare.

CRAWFORD
What is it - some kind of seed pod?

LAMAR
Nawsir, that's a bug cocoon. But how come that to get way down in there? 'Less somebody shoved it in...

Clarice and Crawford exchange a glance.

CRAWFORD
She'll be easier to print if we turn her over. Lamar, will you give me a hand?

LAMAR
Yessir, I will.

CLARICE

takes a jar from her kit, carefully drops the cocoon inside. SOUND of the men's heavy efforts as they turn over the body, O.S. She seals the jar, staring into it at the cocoon.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Starling - what do you make of these?

She turns to look.

HER POV -

Low on the corpse's back, over the hips, two neat, triangular patches of skin are missing.

NEW ANGLE - TWO SHOT -

as Clarice looks at Crawford.

CLARICE
I don't know. I didn't see those on any of the other girls...

CRAWFORD
They weren't there. Get close-ups.

Clarice raises her camera, leans in for another FLASH.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STEPS OF THE FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Clarice sits outside, with her head on her knees, drained. She looks up wanly as Lamar appears, offers her a can of Coke.

CLARICE
Thanks, I'm not thirsty.

LAMAR
No, hold it under your chin, there, and on your temples. Cold'll make you feel better. It does me.

She smiles, touched, and takes the can. When Lamar sees Crawford coming outside, he tactfully departs. Crawford sits beside her; there's a brief silence. She soothes herself with the can.

CRAWFORD
When I told that sheriff we shouldn't talk in front of a woman, that really burned you, didn't it?
(She is silent)
That was just smoke, Starling, I had to get rid of him.

CLARICE
It matters, Mr. Crawford... Other cops know who you are. They look at you to see how to act... It matters.

CRAWFORD
(beat)
Point taken.

She looks at him a moment, then offers the can. He takes it.

CLARICE
I'm wondering if he's done that before - placed a cocoon, or an insect... Can we check back on that, with the others?

CRAWFORD
We'll try. But exhumations are upsetting for the families - sometimes they even block us in court.

CLARICE
Then couldn't we have the lab check Raspail's head...? Dr. Lecter's patient - have them probe his soft palette... They'll find another cocoon.

CRAWFORD
(a beat, impressed)
You seem pretty sure of that.

CLARICE
Raspail was killed by the same man who's killing these girls. And Lecter knows him. Maybe even treated him... That's what he meant by "fledgling killer." That's why he's so sure he can help us!
(beat)
You think so, too, don't you?

Crawford opens the can, sips carefully. A beat.

CRAWFORD
Before we caught him, Lecter had a big psychiatric practice in Baltimore. But he travelled all over the country - teaching, consulting... Christ, even testifying in murder trials. Who knows how many potential psychopaths he turned loose, just for the fun of it...?

She nods, silent. He studies her for a moment.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
That bug would've been easy to miss, even in an autopsy. Especially with a floater... You did well in there, Starling. I'm proud of you.

Clarice looks at him gratefully, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SMITHSONIAN - MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

Clarice, accompanied by a museum guard, walks through an eerie, shadowy landscape of dinosaur bones - crouching skeletons with blank eye sockets, gaping fangs. She carries her specimen jar.

CRAWFORD (contd., V.O.)
When we get back to Washington, I want you to run this thing by the Smithsonian, see if they can identify it. Maybe it's got some limited range, or it only breeds at certain times of year... Then we'll deal with Lecter again.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM OFFICE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an live, enormous, rhinoceros beetle, as it weaves its clumsy way among the men on a chessboard, before finally stepping off the edge, onto a lettuce leaf.

RODEN (V.O.)
Time, Pilch! My move.

PILCHER (V.O.)
No fair! You lured him with produce.

WIDER ANGLE

shows two entomologists, both 30ish, hunched over the board. RODEN is a pudgy redhead; PILCHER is lean, quite handsome.

RODEN
Tough noogies! It's still my turn.

CLARICE (O.S.)
If the beetle moves one of your men, does that count?

They look up, surprised, then delighted, to see Clarice in the doorway. Both scientists are instantly smitten.

RODEN
Of course it counts. How do you play?

PILCHER
Agent Starling...?

CUT TO:

INT. ENTOMOLOGY CORRIDOR - NIGHT

MOVING ANGLE as Clarice and the two men go briskly down a hall lined with mounted insects, in all shapes and sizes. Roden peers at Clarice's cocoon, in its jar.

RODEN
Where the hell did this come from? It's practically mush.

CLARICE
It was found behind the soft palate of a murder victim. Her body was in the Elk River, in West Virginia. I'm afraid I can't tell you anymore.

PILCHER
It's Buffalo Bill, isn't it? We heard on the radio.

Clarice looks at him a moment, nods. Roden is excited.

RODEN
You mean this is like, a clue? From a real murder case?
(Clarice nods)
Coo-ol!

PILCHER
Just ignore him. He's not a Ph.D.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

VERY CLOSE (MAGNIFICATION) on the sliced cocoon, as Roden uses tweezers and a dental probe to ease out the sodden chrysalis.

RODEN (O.S.)
Noctuid...? Atropos, maybe. He's a big sucker, I'll say that. Let's check chaetaxy...

THE TWO MEN

are hunched over a formica table. Roden peers through a square magnifier into a stainless tray, as Pilcher aims a halogen lamp and hands him tools. Clarice watches curiously, to one side.

PILCHER
(without looking up)
What do you do when you're not detecting, Agent Starling?

CLARICE
I try to be a student, Dr. Pilcher.

PILCHER
Ever get out for cheeseburgers and beer? The amusing house wine...?

CLARICE
(smiles)
Are you hitting on me, Dr. Pilcher?

PILCHER
No, no, not at all. Yes.

He looks up at her, shyly. A little moment passes between them, before Roden straightens, exultant.

RODEN
Gotcha!

PILCHER
Good man, Roden.

RODEN
Agent Starling, meet Mr. Acherontia styx.

He moves aside for Clarice to get a closer look at the specimen. She leans forward, intently.

HER POV (MAGNIFICATION) -

The wide, furry, brown back of the moth. And there, right between the wing bases - wonderful and terrible to see - is nature's perfect reproduction of a ghostly human skull.

RODEN (O.S.)
Better known to his friends as the Death's-head Moth...

PILCHER (O.S.)
The Latin name comes from two rivers in Hell. Your man - he drops these girls into rivers, every time. Didn't I read that?

FAVORING CLARICE

as she looks up at them awed, excited, almost trembling.

CLARICE
And there's no way - no natural way - these could've wound up in the bodies?

RODEN
(shakes his head)
They live in Malaysia. In this country, they'd have to be specially raised, from imported eggs. Somebody grew this guy. Fed him honey and nightshade, kept him warm... Somebody loved him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

A shadowy male figure looks down at us, leaning over the edge of a deep pit. He holds a little white poodle in his arms, stroking it. This is MR. GUMB, aka "Buffalo Bill."

MR. GUMB
(softly)
It rubs the lotion on the skin... It does this whenever it's told.

CATHERINE MARTIN

looks up at him. She is standing on the cement bottom of the pit, about 15 feet below floor level. The pit is bare, except for a futon and a plastic toilet bucket, from which a thin string rises up to the basement. She's soaking wet, in an orange jumpsuit, and holds a squeeze bottle of skin lotion. She struggles for calm.

CATHERINE
Mister... my family will pay cash. Whatever ransom you're askin' for, they -

REVERSE ANGLE - UP TOWARDS MR. GUMB

who raises his voice, just slightly.

MR. GUMB
It rubs the lotion...! Or else it will get the hose again.

The little dog squirms in his arms, BARKING excitedly.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Yes, it will, Precious, won't it? It will get the hose.

SIDE ANGLE - AT PIT BOTTOM -

as Catherine kneels, turning slightly away from him.

CATHERINE
(under her breath)
Oh God... oh God...

She unzips her jumpsuit, part-way, then squeezes some of the lotion onto a palm. She reaches inside her suit, rubs it on.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Mister, if you let me go, I won't press charges, I promise... See - see, my mom is a real important woman... Well, I guess you already know that. She'll pay you, no questions asked. Whatever cause you represent - Iran, Palestine - she'll see that -

A sudden blinding glare of light silences her. She looks up, shielding her eyes.

HER POV -

a floodlamp is descending, attached to a small basket.

MR. GUMB
It places the bottle in the basket. No funny business, or it will be sorry...

NEW ANGLE - ON CATHERINE -

as the basket stops. As she slips the bottle in, she sees something, O.S., just at the fringe of the light. She hesitates, looks closer... then begins to scream, hysterically, again and again. Her outflung hand hits the lamp, and in its swaying glare, we see - high on the concrete walls, all around her -

BLOODY FINGER TRACKS -

dried now, brownish - left by many pairs of frenzied hands...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY - CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - DAWN

Clarice is at her desk, exercising her right hand with a grip flexer, while simultaneously studying a thick law book. Ardelia sticks her head in the door, excited.

ARDELIA
You better come see this.

CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION ROOM - FBI ACADEMY - DAWN

CLOSE ON a TV screen, filled with a photo of Catherine Martin.

TV ANCHOR (V.O.)
...was listed at first simply as a

TV ANCHOR (contd., V.O.)
missing person, but is now believed to have been kidnapped by the serial killer known only as "Buffalo Bill."

The photo disappears, replaced by the TV ANCHOR himself.

TV ANCHOR (contd.)
Memphis Police sources indicate that the missing girl's blouse has been identified, sliced up the back, in what has become a kind of grim, all-too-familiar calling card. Young Catherine Martin, as we've said, is the only daughter of U.S. Senator Ruth Martin -

CLARICE

looks at Ardelia, surprised. Other trainees are drifting into the rec room, some whispering among themselves. Clarice stares back at the TV intently.

TV ANCHOR (contd., O.S.)
- the Republican junior senator from Tennessee. And while her kidnapping is not at this point considered to be politically motivated, nevertheless it has stirred the government -

BACK ON THE TV ANCHOR -

TV ANCHOR (contd.)
- to its highest levels, the president himself being said to be, and I quote, "intensely concerned." Just moments ago, Senator Martin made this dramatic personal plea...

SENATOR MARTIN (TV FOOTAGE) -

fills the screen, in a halo of lens flare, as she speaks to a jostling crowd of reporters on the front steps of her Georgetown home. A tall woman, late 40's, with a strong, taut face.

SEN. MARTIN
I'm speaking now to the person who is holding my daughter. Her name is Catherine... You have the power to let Catherine go, unharmed. She's very gentle and kind - talk to her and you'll see... You - you have this chance to show the whole world that you can be merciful, as well as strong. Please - I beg you - release my little girl...

ARDELIA

turns sympathetically to Clarice, as the TV VOICES drone on.

ARDELIA
I don't know whether to say "I'm sorry," or "Congratulations." But girl? - you just went prime time.

SOUND UPCUT - the wail of police SIRENS, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. ROUTE 95 - DAY (AERIAL SHOT)

An awesome armada of police vehicles swings through an intersection, while normal traffic is held back by highway patrol cruisers. The lead cars turn off, hit the entrance ramp to the freeway - SIRENS going, tires SQUEALING, red flashers...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
He's had her for 36 hours now. That leaves us just 36 more, before he kills her...

CLOSER ANGLE

on a speeding surveillance van, with long antennas and a small satellite dish, near the head of the motorcade.

CRAWFORD (contd., V.O.)
But maybe, Starling, we caught a real break this time - thanks to you...

CUT TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY (DRIVING)

Crawford and Clarice sit in swivel seats at the rear, by a big window. The van is crammed with an impressive array of hi-tech equipment, all CLICKING and HUMMING.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
The lab found a second moth, in Raspail's head.

CLARICE
Then I was right! Buffalo Bill did kill Raspail, just like he's killing these girls. And Lecter -

CRAWFORD
Knows who he is... It all comes down to you now. You're the one he talks to.

CLARICE
He's already offered to help. Couldn't we just ask him for Bill's identity?

CRAWFORD
(shakes his head)
That wouldn't give him enough chance to show off. Remember, he's always got to feel smarter than us... But time is eating us alive. We have to take a major gamble... Can you convince Lecter that Senator Martin has offered a deal?

CLARICE
I'll try. But wouldn't it have more weight coming from the Senator herself?

CRAWFORD
(hesitates)
She doesn't know what we're up to. And we can't afford for her to find out.

Clarice looks at him, surprised.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
She's the mother, Starling. She can't possibly comprehend what Lecter is... She'd make the mistake of pleading with him. Begging him... Then he'd feast on her pain till the last second of that girl's life...

CUT TO:

INT. BALTIMORE STATE HOSP. FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Chilton approaches, walking briskly down a corridor in the administration wing. He looks quite agitated.

CRAWFORD (contd., V.O.)
We can't trust Frederick Chilton, either. He's greedy and ambitious. If he knew about Lecter's link to Bill, he'd go straight to the newspapers...

Chilton falls into step beside Clarice, who has her briefcase. He points his gold pen at her accusingly.

CHILTON
What you're doing, Miss Starling, is coming into my hospital to conduct an interview, and refusing to share information with me. For the third time!

CLARICE
Dr. Chilton, I told you - this is just routine follow-up on the Raspail case.

CHILTON
He's my patient! I have rights!
(grabs her arm, stopping her)
I'm not just some turnkey, Miss Starling. I shouldn't even be here this afternoon. I had a ticket to Holiday on Ice.

She stares at him, with pity and distaste, till he lets go.

CLARICE
I'm acting on instructions, Dr. Chilton.
(handing him a card)
This is the U.S. Attorney's number. Now please - either discuss this with him, or let me do my job.

She walks away, leaving him speechless with frustration and hostility. He clicks his pen, watching her go.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR - DAY

Dr. Lecter sits at his table, languidly sketching with charcoal on butcher paper. He uses his own hand and forearm as a model. His other drawings, books, and bedding have been restored.

DR. LECTER
Wouldn't you say, Clarice, that for a United States Senator, you're an odd choice of messenger?

Clarice, in the desk-chair, is taking papers from her briefcase.

CLARICE
I was your choice, Dr. Lecter. You chose to speak to me. Would you prefer someone else now? Or perhaps you don't think you can help us.

DR. LECTER
That is both impudent and untrue... Tell me, how did you feel when you viewed our Billy's latest effort?
(a beat; he smiles)
Or should I say, his "next-to-latest"?

CLARICE
By the book, he's a sadist.

DR. LECTER
Life's too slippery for books, Clarice. Typhoid and swans came from the same God.
(beat)
Tell me, Miss West Virginia - was she a large girl?

CLARICE
Yes.

DR. LECTER
Big through the hips. Roomy.

CLARICE
They all were.

DR. LECTER
Mmm. And what else...?

CLARICE
She had an insect deliberately inserted in her throat. That hasn't been made public yet. We don't know what it means.

DR. LECTER
Was it a butterfly?

CLARICE
(pause; staring at him)
A moth... How did you predict that?

DR. LECTER
I'm waiting for your offer, Clarice. Enchant me.

Clarice looks down at her papers, taking a moment to collect her thoughts. She looks up at him again, evenly.

CLARICE
If your profile helps us find Buffalo Bill in time to save Catherine Martin, the Senator promises you a transfer to the V.A. hospital at Oneida Park, New York, with a view of the woods nearby. Maximum security still applies, but you'd have reasonable access to books.

He is silent. She rises, moves closer, carrying papers.

CLARICE (contd.)
Best of all, though - one week a year you'd get to leave the hospital and go here.
(points to a map)

CLARICE (contd.)
Plum Island. Every afternoon of that week you can walk on the beach or swim in the ocean for up to one hour. Under SWAT team surveillance, of course...

His face remains neutral. She puts the papers in his food tray.

CLARICE (contd.)
Copy of the Buffalo Bill case file, copy of Senator Martin's terms. Her offer is final and non-negotiable. If Catherine dies -
(She slides his tray through)
You get nothing.

A measured beat, before he rises smoothly, crosses, and looks down at the papers, without touching them.

DR. LECTER
"Plum Island Animal Disease Research Center." Sounds charming.

CLARICE
That's just part of the island. It has a very nice beach. Terns nest there.

DR. LECTER
Terns... If I help you, Clarice, it will be "turns" with us, too. Quid pro quo. I tell you things, you tell me things. Not about this case, though - about yourself. Yes or no?
(She is silent)
Yes or no, Clarice. Catherine is waiting. Tick-tock, tick-tock...

She looks at him. A beat. They are standing uncomfortably close.

CLARICE
Go, Doctor.

DR. LECTER
What's your worst memory of childhood?
(She hesitates)
Quicker than that. I'm not interested in your worst <u>invention</u>.

CLARICE
The death of my father.

DR. LECTER
Tell me. Don't lie, or I'll know.

Clarice cannot bear the feverish excitement in his eyes. She looks past him, hesitating again.

CLARICE
He was a town marshal... one night he surprised two burglars, coming out the back of a drugstore... They shot him.

DR. LECTER
Killed outright?

CLARICE
No. He was strong, he lasted almost a month. My mother - died when I was very young, so my father had become - the whole world to me... After he left me, I had nobody. I was ten years old.

DR. LECTER
You're very frank, Clarice. I think - it would be quite something to know you in private life.

CLARICE
Quid pro quo, Doctor.

DR. LECTER
The significance of the moth is change. Caterpillar into cocoon into beauty... Billy wants to change, too, Clarice. But there's the problem of his size, you see. Even if he were a woman, he'd have to be such a big one...

CLARICE
(puzzled)
Dr. Lecter, there's no correlation in the literature between transsexualism and violence. Transsexuals are very passive.

DR. LECTER
Clever girl. You're so close to the way you're going to catch him - do you realize that?

CLARICE
No. Tell me why.

DR. LECTER
After your father's death, you were orphaned. What happened next?
(Clarice drops her gaze)
I don't imagine the answer's on those second-rate shoes, Clarice.

CLARICE
I went to live with my mother's cousin and her husband in Montana. They had a ranch.

DR. LECTER
A cattle ranch?

CLARICE
Horses - and sheep...

DR. LECTER
How long did you live there?

CLARICE
Two months.

DR. LECTER
Why so briefly?

CLARICE
I - ran away...

DR. LECTER
Why, Clarice? Did the rancher fuck you?

CLARICE
No...! Quid pro quo, Doctor.

DR. LECTER
Billy's not a real transsexual, but he thinks he is. He tries to be. He's tried to be a lot of things, I expect.

CLARICE
You said - I was very close to the way we'd catch him.

DR. LECTER
There are three major centers for transsexual surgery: Johns Hopkins, the University of Minnesota, and Columbus Medical center. I wouldn't be surprised if Billy had applied for sex reassignment at one or all of them, and been rejected.

CLARICE
On what basis would they reject him?

DR. LECTER
The personality inventories would trip him up. Rorschach, Wechsler, House-Tree-Person... He wouldn't test like a real transsexual.

CLARICE
How would he test?

Suddenly Dr. Lecter snarls, loudly, stretching. Clarice takes a sharp step backwards before he smiles, turning his movement into an elaborate yawn. He gathers the papers from his tray.

DR. LECTER
Happy hunting. Oh, and Clarice - next time you <u>will</u> tell me why you ran away. Now listen carefully, because I won't repeat this...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY

VERY CLOSE ON a cocoon, split along its back, as a living Death's-head Moth wriggles torturously free. Trembling and damp, the new creature clings to a sprig of nightshade.

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
You're trying to obtain a list of males rejected from all three gender centers...

PULLING BACK -

we see a big wire cage, holding several of the moths. They crawl over the humus floor or feed at honeycombs, wings pumping lazily. In the distant b.g., the incongruous SOUND of a jazz recording...

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Check first the ones rejected for having lied about criminal records...

CONTINUOUS MOVING ANGLE -

at about waist level, as we leave the cage, and begin to TRAVEL through this eerie, dimly-lit warren of a cellar. As we go - occasionally TURNING corners, or skirting the dark openings of unexplored passages - various objects loom briefly INTO VIEW - a stainless-steel work table... a big sink... chemical jars... neat racks of gleaming knives...

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Look for severe childhood disturbances, associated with violence... He wasn't born a killer, Clarice, he was <u>made</u> one, through years of systematic abuse. Go to the personality tests, study their drawings...

51 CONT We pass a row of female mannequins, wearing colorful leather jackets, designer knockoffs, in various stages of completion... then a huge maroon armoire, in Chinese lacquer; its double doors are slightly ajar... The jaunty b.g. MUSIC is growing ever louder: Fats Waller singing "Bye Bye Baby." And now we hear something else, too - the rapid CLICKING of a sewing machine... 51 CONT

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Billy's houses will be very dark, with tiny windows. No flowers, no pets, no toys, no sun...

We TURN another corner, and there is Mr. Gumb himself. As we APPROACH, his wide back is to us; he's hunched over an old-fashioned sewing machine, humming cheerfully, and working a piece of material that we mercifully cannot see.

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
His females will be more crudely sketched than his males - but he'll compensate with exaggerated adornments... jewelry, big breasts... And his trees - oh, his trees will be frightful...

Next to Mr. Gumb is an antique phonograph - source of the MUSIC. His little dog, Precious, perches by his feet, as they pump the treadles. As we PASS Mr. Gumb, Precious scurries away from him, panting happily, and we FOLLOW the little dog down another corridor, the music starting to fade behind us...

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Billy hates his own identity, he always has - and he thinks that makes him a transsexual. But his pathology is a thousand times more savage... He wants to be reborn, Clarice. He will be reborn...

At the end of this final corridor, the cellar widens into a low-ceilinged chamber, with two additional doorways, and in the center of this is the gaping circle of the oubliette. Precious sniffs her way over to the edge - excited, tail wagging - then BARKS happily as we hear a hoarse, ghostly moan from below.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
Pleeeeeeeease.....!

DISSOLVE TO:

52/53 INT. DR. LECTER'S CELL - DAY 52/53 *

CLOSE ON - Dr. Lecter's slippered feet, which rest on the shelf of a rolling hand truck. RISING along his tilted form, we see that his ankles are linked by steel-restraints...his legs, waist, upper torso, and arms are bound by heavy canvas webbing...beneath the webbing is a strait-jacket...and over his face is a hockey mask. Sitting on Dr. Lecter's cot, CHILTON waggles a small tape recorder triumphantly at Lecter. He comes very close.

CHILTON *
You think you're going to walk on some beach, and see the birdies? I don't think so...they scammed you, Hannibal.

DR. LECTER'S POV *

first looking at Chilton's moving lips...then lowering to his * soft, white inviting throat...

CHILTON *
There never was a deal with Senator Martin - but there is now. I've been on the phone for hours. Identify Buffalo Bill and if the girl is found in time she'll have you transferred to Brushy Mountain State Prison in Tennessee...

CLOSE ON - LECTER'S EYES *

as they shift restlessly, away from Chilton - then suddenly lock * onto Chilton's gold pen, lying half hidden under a rumpled sheet on Lecter's cot.

CHILTON *
(pause)
What's his name?
Answer me Hannibal.

BACK ON - Dr. Lecter as he stares a moment longer at the pen. * Then shifts his eyes toward Chilton. Chilton sticks his face INTO SHOT, almost intimately close to the mask. He is agitated.

CHILTON *
You'll answer me <u>now</u> or by God you'll never leave this cell.
<u>Who is Buffalo Bill</u>?

DR. LECTER *
(pause, then softly)
His first name is Louis. I'll tell the rest to the Senator herself. But only in Tennessee...

CHILTON (contd., O.S.)
In exchange, I get your full cooperation in publishing a professional account of this. My successful interviews with you. And I get exclusive access to any ~~[illegible]~~ material from Catherine Martin... So. Do you accept my demands?
(pause)
Answer me, Hannibal.

A beat. Dr. Lecter is silent. Chilton sticks his face INTO SHOT, almost intimately close to the mask. He is agitated.

CHILTON (contd.)
You'll answer me <u>now</u>, or by God, you'll never leave this cell. <u>Who is Buffalo Bill</u>?

DR. LECTER
(pause; then softly)
I'll tell the Senator herself. But only in Tennessee...

CUT TO:

A53 INT. JOHNS HOPKINS - GENDER IDENTITY CLINIC - DAY A53

MOVING ANGLE, as the very impatient Crawford, clutching a folder, strides down a hall beside DR. DANIELSON - early 50s, severe, in a lab coat. Nurses glance at them as they pass.

DANIELSON
I'm not having a witch hunt here, Mr. Crawford! Our patients are decent, non-violent people with real sexual problems.

CRAWFORD
Dr. Danielson, the man we want was <u>never</u> your patient. It would be someone you refused because he tried to conceal a record of criminal violence. Please, Doctor - time is running out. Show us the ones you've turned away.

Danielson enters a cramped, stainless steel nurse's galley, pours himself a cup of coffee. Crawford follows him.

DANIELSON
(adamantly)
Examination and interview materials are confidential. We've never violated an applicant's trust, and we never will.

CRAWFORD
You want to see a violation? <u>This</u> is a violation...

He takes a black & white photo from his folder, slaps it down in front of Danielson. From our angle, we can't see it clearly.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Sometime tomorrow, or tomorrow night, he's going to turn Catherine Martin into one of these.

DANIELSON
That's a childish, bullying stunt, Mr. Crawford. I was a battlefield surgeon, so you can put away your picture.

BURROUGHS, a young FBI agent, sticks his head in the doorway.

BURROUGHS
Phone, Jack. Director Burke.

CRAWFORD
(snaps)
In a minute!

Burroughs quickly retreats. Crawford struggles for calm.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Look... search your own records. You can do it a lot faster than us, anyway. If we find Buffalo Bill through your information, I'll suppress that. Nobody has to know you cooperated.

DANIELSON
Truth will out, Mr. Crawford. And then what? Will you give Johns Hopkins a new identity? Put a big pair of dark glasses on this building, and a funny nose?

CRAWFORD
Oh, that's very clever, Doctor. Very humorous. You like the truth? Try this.
(right in his face, enraged)
He kidnaps young women and rips their skin off. We don't want him to do that anymore. If you don't help me, just as fast as you can, the Justice Department is going to ask publicly for a court order. We'll ask twice a day, just in time for the TV news. And every time something happens - when Catherine Martin floats, and the next one, and the <u>next</u> one - why, we'll just issue another press release about good ol' Dr. Danielson, over at Johns Hopkins - complete with all his humorous fucking remarks.

DANIELSON
(pause; very pale and stiff)
It may be that - I could confer with my colleagues on this. And get back to you.

CRAWFORD
Would you, Doctor? That would be so kind.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Crawford is on the scrambler phone. Burroughs watches silently, concerned.

CRAWFORD
(on phone; stunned)
Transferred...?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

HAYDEN BURKE, Director of the FBI, swivels in his big chair. Lean, early 50s, very distinguished. Flags by his desk.

BURKE
(on phone)
Already airborne for Memphis. Senator Martin's meeting him at the airport.
(uneasily)
Jack - did you make some sort of phony offer to Lecter, in the Senator's name?

Listening to the answer, he looks uncomfortably across his desk at PAUL KRENDLER, the Deputy Attorney General - 40, very tanned, modish haircut. Krendler is irritable, impatient. Several other senior FBI agents and dark-suited Justice Dept. aides - a brain trust - are also standing by.

BURKE (contd.)
(on phone)
Well, she's mad as hell, Jack. Paul Krendler's over here from Justice, she's asking him to take charge in Memphis... I know that... But you're still in command of the task force, and Lecter's plane can still be ordered back. It's your call, Jack - but I want it now.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Burroughs starts to make an objection, but Crawford stills him with a hand motion. He is taut, frustrated. Long pause.

CRAWFORD
(into phone)
Let him land.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - DOORWAY - DAY

Clarice opens her door, stares out at Crawford. She's just slipping on her blazer, over her shoulder holster. She's furious.

STARLING
Chilton has killed her, hasn't he? That slimy little bastard! We were so close with Lecter.

CRAWFORD
Let's get some coffee and talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FBI ACADEMY GROUNDS - QUANTICO - DAY

MOVING ANGLE on Clarice and Crawford, as they walk along a sidewalk, sipping from paper cups. The surveillance van trails them slowly, radios CRACKLING.

CLARICE
Are we in trouble over this, Mr. Crawford? Can Senator Martin do something to you?

CRAWFORD
It's not a consideration. But you are... I bent a lot of rules, using you in the first place. If I don't pull you off this case, right now, you could face suspension. Your whole career's still in front of you. Your whole life...
(stops, looks at her)
Go back to class, Starling. Leave Bill to me.

CLARICE
If you didn't want me chasing him, you should never've taken me into that funeral home.

He looks at her steadily, a long moment. Her determination is fierce, unshakeable. Finally he nods, reluctantly.

58 CONT

CLARICE (contd.)
Lecter is still the key, I know he is. If I could follow him to Memphis - if I could just somehow - talk my way in to see him again -

58 CONT

CRAWFORD
There's a plane waiting for you now at the airstrip.

She smiles at this acknowledgement; he never thought she'd quit.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
I'm going out west, to the other clinics. They're all stonewalling, we need some high court muscle.
(He crumples his cup, tosses it)
Now's the hardest part, Starling. Use your anger, don't let it keep you from thinking. Just keep your eyes on Catherine Martin. We've got less than 30 hours.

CLARICE
(hesitates)
Mr. Crawford... can those cops down there handle Dr. Lecter?

CRAWFORD
(grimly)
They'll use their best men. But they better be paying attention...

CUT TO:

* 59 EXT. AIR NATIONAL GUARD HANGAR - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - NIGHT 59 *

* A private plane pulls into a large hangar followed by a small armada of police vehicles. *

A60 INT. AIR NATIONAL GUARD HANGAR - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE - NIGHT A60

CLOSE ON Lecter. Behind his mask, the alert, searching eyes.

CRAWFORD (contd., V.O.)
He will...

OFFICERS PEMBRY AND BOYLE -

two sturdy, well-armed, veteran prison guards - are checking Dr.
Lecter's restraints with clever, careful fingers.

BOYLE
Welcome to Memphis, Dr. Lecter. I'm Officer Boyle, this is Officer Pembry. We aim to treat you just as nice as you treat us. Act like a gentlemen, you'll get three hots and a cot.

PEMBRY
But we ain't pussy-footin' with you, buddy ruff. You get cute, try to bite somebody? - we'll tie your asshole in a knot. You savvy?

DR. LECTER
Oh yes, Officer Pembry. I certainly do.

The officers turn away, Boyle signing a clipboarded form.

PEMBRY
(under his breath)
Shit, he's just an ol' broke-dick. Won't be no trouble at all if he don't flip out.

BOYLE
Dr. Chilton...?

NEW ANGLE - WIDER -

as we see that we're in a vast, dusty hangar. Parked to one side: an EMS ambulance and four highway patrol cruisers; a dozen troopers stand quietly chatting and smoking over there. Chilton is pacing impatiently, casting anxious glances towards the open hangar doorway.

BOYLE (contd.)
If you'll please sign right here, sir, we'll have us a legal transfer.

Chilton instinctively pats his shirt pocket for his gold pen; it's gone. He searches other pockets, with growing unhappiness.

BOYLE (contd.)
Use mine.

PEMBRY
Here they come.

TWO BLACK STRETCH LIMOUSINES

glide smoothly into the hangar, stop. Secret Service agents pour out of the lead car, form a cordon. A driver opens the rear door of the second car, and Krendler steps out, followed by the Senator's assistant, with a briefcase, followed, at last, by the Senator herself. Barely glancing around, she strides towards Lecter.

NEW ANGLE - DR. LECTER AND SEN. MARTIN -

as she stops, struck by the bizarre spectacle of his restraints. The others instinctively keep a distance, but Chilton, with theatrical relish, unstraps and removes Lecter's mask.

CHILTON
Senator Martin... Dr. Hannibal Lecter.

They stare at one another for a long moment: the Senator tense, almost haggard, the madman with his unearthly poise.

SEN. MARTIN
Dr. Lecter, I've brought an affidavit guaranteeing your new rights... You'll want to read it before I sign.

Her assistant unsnaps his briefcase, reaches for the form.

DR. LECTER
I won't waste your time and Catherine's time bargaining for petty privileges. Clarice Starling and that awful Jack Crawford have wasted far too much already. I only pray they haven't doomed the poor girl... Let me help you now, and I'll trust you when it's all over.

SEN. MARTIN
You have my word. Paul?

Krendler raises a pad, poised to take notes.

DR. LECTER
Buffalo Bill's real name is Louis Friend. I met him just once. He was referred to me in April or May, 1980, by my patient Benjamin Raspail. They were lovers, but Raspail had become very frightened. Apparently Louis had murdered a transient, and - done things with the skin. Raspail thought if I could cure him, Louis would be safe from the police, and he'd be safe from Louis... Obviously, he was wrong.

KRENDLER
We need his address, a physical descr-

DR. LECTER
Did you nurse Catherine?

SEN. MARTIN
(pause, startled)
What...?

DR. LECTER
Did you breast-feed her?

He flicks his tongue obscenely.

KRENDLER
You son of a -

The Senator stills him with a hand. She is trembling.

SEN. MARTIN
Yes... I did.

DR. LECTER
Toughened your nipples, didn't it...?
(a beat; then rapidly, bored)
Six foot one, strongly built, about 190 pounds. Hair brown, eyes pale blue. He'd be about 35 now. He said he lived in Philadelphia, but may have lied. That's really all I can remember, Senator - but if I think of any more, I'll let you know.

SEN. MARTIN
(to the others)
Let's go with it.

They start towards the cars, but he calls out, stopping them.

DR. LECTER
Senator Martin...! You can't trust Jack Crawford or Clarice Starling. It's such a game with these people. They're determined to get the arrest for themselves. The "collar," I think they say.

SEN. MARTIN
Thank you, Doctor. I'll keep it in mind.

DR. LECTER
Oh, and Senator...? Love your suit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S BASEMENT - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON scraps of food - peas, chicken bones - lying on the cement floor of the pit, near the foil tray of a TV dinner.

CATHERINE (O.S.)
(muttering, feisty)
Close enough to fuck is close enough to fight...

CATHERINE

is hunched over in concentration. The plastic toilet bucket is on her lap, and she has yanked down its cotton string.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Get my legs round your neck, you goddamn creep, I'll send you home to Jesus...

HER FINGERS

are tying a chicken bone to the bucket's handle, where it meets the string. The other end of the string is tied to her wrist.

SHE STANDS -

gathers the coiled string in one hand, and swings the bucket by its handle, calculating the distance up to the basement floor.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Okay, Precious. Time for a treat...

She hurls the bucket upwards.

AT THE LIP OF THE OUBLIETTE -

the bucket sails out, bounces LOUDLY, then falls back inside.

ANGLE ON THE DOG, PRECIOUS -

who is elsewhere in the basement, worrying a toy. She cocks an ear, making a low GROWL, then sets off to investigate.

DOWN IN THE PIT -

Catherine swings the bucket again, trying another cast.

THE BUCKET LANDS

two feet beyond the pit's edge, rolls a bit, stops.

PRECIOUS TROTS UP -

then pauses, staring curiously towards...

VERY LOW ANGLE (DOG'S POV) -

the enticing chicken bone, six feet away. It twitches as Catherine tugs on the string, edging the bucket back towards the pit.

PRECIOUS

with her tail wagging, BARKS - greedy but suspicious.

CATHERINE -

staring upwards, pulls again, ever so gently, at the string.

CATHERINE (contd.)
(softly)
Preeeeecious...! C'mon, girl, nice yummy bone... c'mon, you little shit...

PRECIOUS

edges reluctantly closer... then suddenly rushes in, seizing the bone in her teeth. She tries to run away with it, but Catherine is pulling her towards the hole, working her like a hooked fish. Her toenails scrabble as she tries to stop.

CATHERINE

stares up desperately, unable to see how she's doing.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Hang on, girl... hang on...

PRECIOUS

still fights for the bone, GROWLING, as the bucket rocks precariously on the edge of the pit. A long, seesaw battle... until finally, when one of her forelegs slips momentarily into the hole, she panics and lets go. The bucket flops over the edge.

CATHERINE

crouches, covering her head as the bucket bounces off her.

CATHERINE (contd.)
Nooooo...!

THE LITTLE DOG

furious, BARKS down at her, then trots away in disgust.

CLOSE ON CATHERINE

as she sinks to the cold cement. She slaps aside the foil tray, the scraps of food, sobbing in utter despair...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHELBY COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MEMPHIS - DAY

The old courthouse is a massive Gothic stronghold, with an armada of police cruisers parked at the curb.

CLARICE

climbs from her rented car. Holding a rolled-up pile of papers - Dr. Lecter's drawings - she starts determinedly up the steps. A nearby commotion makes her pause.

DR. CHILTON

in a sea of interviewers and mini-cams, is preening grandly.

CHILTON
- only through my own unique insight into Lecter's mind that this break-through was possible. Buffalo Bill's real name is... Louis Friend.

Camera FLASHES, a BUZZ of shouted questions. Chilton tries vainly to keep himself heard.

CHILTON (contd.)
My name is Chilton. C-H-I-L...

CLARICE -

reacts, surprised. Then, carefully avoiding his gaze, she slips up the steps and inside.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - DAY

SGT. TATE, a Memphis policeman, is studying Clarice's ID. He looks up at her from his command desk, a bit doubtfully.

SGT. TATE
Are you with Dr. Chilton's group?

CLARICE
I just saw him, outside.

SGT. TATE
Access to Lecter is strictly limited. We've been getting death threats.
(hesitates again)
Log in, and check your weapon.

He picks up a phone, murmurs into it. As he does so, Clarice glances around this main ground floor lobby.

HER POV -

The building looks like an armed fort. Cops with shotguns guard the front door, both ends of the hall, the foot of the stairs, the single elevator. More of them are coming and going.

MURRAY (O.S.)
Shoot, we haven't had this kinda security since the President came through town...

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOVING

Clarice and OFFICER MURRAY, a young patrolman, ride up in an old-fashioned, CREAKING elevator. He carries the roll of drawings. Clarice, pen in hand, is staring at her notepad.

MURRAY (contd.)
Every cop in Tennessee wants a look at this guy. 'Sit true what they're sayin' - he's some kinda vampire?

CLARICE
I don't have a name for what he is.

VERY CLOSE ON

the pad, on which Clarice has written "LOUIS FRIEND." Staring at the letters, she begins to cross some of them off.

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - 5TH FLOOR

Pembry, at a desk by the door, looks up from examining the unrolled pile of Lecter's drawings.

PEMBRY
You know the rules, ma'am?

CLARICE
Yes, Officer Pembry. I've questioned him before.

He hands her back the drawings, waves her on.

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE -

as she crosses the big, spare, white octagonal room. A massive, temporary iron cage has been installed; Officer Boyle sits facing it. He rises, nods, moving away to allow her privacy.

INSIDE THE CAGE -

a cot, a small table, bolted to the floor, and a flimsy paper screen, hiding a toilet. Dr. Lecter sits at the table, his back to her, studying the Buffalo Bill case file. He now wears a green prison jumpsuit. A small cassette player is chained to the table.

DR. LECTER
(without turning)
Good afternoon, Clarice.

She stops at a striped police barricade, before his bars.

CLARICE
I thought you might want your drawings back... Just until you get your view.

DR. LECTER
How very thoughtful... Or did Crawford send you here for one last wheedle - before you're both booted off the case?

CLARICE
I came because I wanted to.

She slides the drawings across the floor, into his cage. He spins in his swivel chair, stops neatly. A coy smile.

DR. LECTER
People will say we're in love.
(beat)
Anthrax Island was an especially nice touch. Was it yours...? Pity for poor Catherine, though. Tick tock.

He spins again in his chair, playfully.

MOVING ANGLE - FAVORING CLARICE -

as she circles the cage, trying to keep his face in sight.

CLARICE
Your anagrams are showing, Doctor. "Louis Friend...?" "Iron Sulfide." Better known as Fool's Gold.

DR. LECTER
Clarice... your problem is, you need to get more <u>fun</u> out of life.

CLARICE
You were telling me the truth, back in Baltimore. Tell me the rest now.

DR. LECTER
I've studied the case file, have you...? Everything you need to find him is right in these pages. Whatever his name is.

CLARICE
Then tell me how.

DR. LECTER
First principles, Clarice. Simplicity. Read Marcus Aurelius. Of each particular

DR. LECTER (contd.)
thing, ask: What is it, in itself, what is its nature...? What does he do, this man you seek?

CLARICE
He kills w-

DR. LECTER
(sharply, as he stops)
No - ! That's incidental.

CLOSER ANGLE - TWO SHOT -

as he rises, pained by her ignorance, and crosses to the bars.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
What is the first and principal thing he does, what need does he serve by killing?

CLARICE
Anger, social resentment, sexual frus-

DR. LECTER
No, he covets. That's his nature. And how do we begin to covet, Clarice? Do we seek out things to covet? Make an effort to answer.

CLARICE
No. We just -

DR. LECTER
No. Precisely. We begin by coveting what we see every day. Don't you feel eyes moving over your body, Clarice? I hardly see how you couldn't. And don't your eyes move over the things you want?

CLARICE
All right, then tell me how -

DR. LECTER
No. It's your turn to tell me, Clarice. You don't have any more vacations to sell. Why did you run away from that ranch?

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter, when there's time I'll -

DR. LECTER
We don't reckon time the same way, Clarice. This is all the time you'll ever have.

CLARICE
Later, listen, I'll -

DR. LECTER
I'll listen now. After your father's murder, you were orphaned. You were ten years old. You went to live with cousins, on a sheep and horse ranch in Montana. And - ?

CLARICE
And - one morning I just - ran away...

She turns from him. He presses closer, gripping the bars.

DR. LECTER
Not "just," Clarice. What set you off? You started what time?

CLARICE
Early. Still dark.

DR. LECTER
Then something woke you. What? Did you dream...? What was it?

IN FLASHBACK -

The 10-year old Clarice sits up abruptly in her bed, frightened. She is in a Montana ranch house; it is almost dawn. Strange, fearful shadows on her ceiling and walls... a window, partly fogged by the cold; eerie brightness outside.

CLARICE (V.O.)
I heard a strange sound...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
What was it?

THE CHILD RISES -

crosses to the window in her nightgown, rubs the glass.

CLARICE (V.O.)
I didn't know. I went to look...

HIGH ANGLES (2nd STORY) - THE CHILD'S POV -

Shadowy men, ranch hands, are moving in and out of a nearby barn, carrying mysterious bundles. The mens' breath is steaming... A refridgerated truck idles nearby, its engine adding more steam. A strange, almost surrealistic scene...

CLARICE (contd., V.O.)
Screaming! Some kind of - screaming. Like a child's voice...

THE LITTLE GIRL

is terrified; she covers her ears.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
What did you do?

CLARICE (V.O.)
Got dressed without turning on the light. I went downstairs... outside...

THE LITTLE GIRL -

in her winter coat, slips noiselessly towards the open barn door. She ducks into the shadows to avoid a ranch hand, who passes her with a squirming bundle of some kind. He goes into the barn, and she edges after him reluctantly.

CLARICE (contd., V.O.)
I crept up to the barn... I was so scared to look inside - but I had to...

THE LITTLE GIRL'S POV -

as the open doorway LOOMS CLOSER... Bright lights inside, straw bales, the edges of stalls, then moving figures...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
And what did you see, Clarice?

A SQUIRMING LAMB -

is held down on a table by two ranch hands.

CLARICE (V.O.)
Lambs. The lambs were screaming...

A third cowboy stretches out the lamb's neck, raises a bloody knife. Just as he's about to slice its throat -

BACK TO THE ADULT CLARICE -

staring into the distance, shaken, still trembling from the child's shock. We see Dr. Lecter, over her shoulder, studying her intently.

DR. LECTER
They were slaughtering the spring lambs?

CLARICE
Yes...! They were screaming.

DR. LECTER
So you ran away...

CLARICE
No. First I tried to free them... I opened the gate of their pen - but they wouldn't run. They just stood there, confused. They wouldn't run...

DR. LECTER
But you could. You did.

CLARICE
I took one lamb. And I ran away, as fast as I could...

IN FLASHBACK -

a vast Montana plain, and crossing this, a tiny figure - the little Clarice, holding a lamb in her arms.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Where were you going?

CLARICE (V.O.)
I don't know. I had no food or water. It was very cold. I thought - if I can even save just one... but he got so heavy. So heavy...

The tiny figure stops, and after a few moments sinks to the ground, hunched over in despair.

CLARICE (contd., V.O.)
I didn't get more than a few miles before the sheriff's car found me. The rancher was so angry he sent me to live at the Lutheran orphanage in Bozeman. I never saw the ranch again...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
But what became of your lamb?
(no response)
Clarice...?

BACK TO SCENE -

as the adult Clarice turns, staring into his feverish eyes. She shakes her head, unwilling - or unable - to say more.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
You still wake up sometimes, don't you? Wake up in the dark, with the lambs screaming?

CLARICE
Yes...

DR. LECTER
Do you think if you saved Catherine, you could make them stop...? Do you think, if Catherine lives, you won't wake up in the dark, ever again, to the screaming of the lambs? Do you...?

CLARICE
Yes! I don't know...! I don't know.

DR. LECTER
(a pause; then, oddly at peace)
Thank you, Clarice.

CLARICE
(a whisper)
Tell me his name, Dr. Lecter.

DR. LECTER
Dr. Chilton... I believe you know each other?

NEW ANGLE -

as Clarice turns, startled, and the fuming Chilton seizes her elbow. Pembry and Boyle are beside him, looking grim.

CHILTON
Out. Let's go.

PEMBRY
Sorry, ma'am - we've got orders to have you put on a plane.

Clarice struggles, pulling free of them for a moment.

DR. LECTER
Brave Clarice. Will you let me know if ever the lambs stop screaming?

CLARICE
(moving closer to the bars)
Yes. I'll tell you.

DR. LECTER
Promise...?

72 CONT

DR. LECTER (contd.)
(She nods. He smiles)
Then why not take your case file?
won't be needing it anymore.

He holds out the file, arm extended between the bars. She hesitates, then reaches to take it.

VERY CLOSE ANGLE - SLOW MOTION -

as the exchange is made, his index finger touches her hand, and lingers there, just for a moment.

DR. LECTER'S EYES -

widen, crackling at this touch, like sparks in a cave.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
Good-bye, Clarice.

CLARICE -

hugging the case file to her chest, stares back at him as the men crowd in on her, pushing her away.

HER POV - MOVING -

as Dr. Lecter, head cocked in a smile, slowly recedes. SOUND UPCUT - Glenn Gould playing Bach's Goldberg Variations...

CUT TO:

*A73 INT. WASHINGTON NATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT A73 *

* Exhausted, despondant, Clarice trudges down a near empty *
* concourse with a few other bedragled travellers off the plane *
* from Memphis. *

DISSOLVE TO:

73 INT. SHELBY CO. COURTHOUSE - LECTER'S CELL - NIGHT 73

CLOSE ON a steaming, rather elegant dinner tray, being carried by Pembry, as he approaches Dr. Lecter's cell.

PEMBRY
(shouts)
Ready when you are, Doc!

IN THE CELL -

the BACH is issuing from the cassette player. Beside it, on the table, the pile of Lecter's drawings. The top one is an

accurate, sensitive portrait, from memory, of Clarice. Beyond the table, we see Lecter's shadowy form, seated behind the paper screen. He calls out from there. 73. CONT.

DR. LECTER (O.S.)
Just another minute, please!

(CONTINUED).....

grunts, sets the tray down. Boyle joins him, handing him a riot baton and a Mace cannister, which Pembry fastens to belt clips. Boyle is similarly armed, and carries a ring of keys.

PEMBRY
Sumbitch demanded lamb chops for dinner, extra rare.

BOYLE
(laughs)
What you reckon he'll want for breakfast - some fuckin' thing from the zoo?

INSIDE THE SCREEN -

Dr. Lecter sits fully clothed on the toilet - swaying slightly, eyes closed, lost in the music, tongue working in his cheek. Suddenly, like magic, a little shiny piece of metal protrudes from his lips. He plucks it out, opens his eyes.

IN EXTREME C.U. -

He is holding the pocket clip from Chilton's disassembled pen - a straight, thin strip of metal, with a circular collar at one end, a square edge at the other.

DR. LECTER

lines up his thumbnail just shy of the square edge, then braces it against the stainless steel toilet rim. He pushes down, hard, using both hands. After a moment he smiles, holds up the result.

IN EXTREME C.U. -

the straight end of the clip now forms a tiny right angle, and the circular end anchors nicely between his fingers.

OUTSIDE THE CELL -

Pembry and Boyle turn as the toilet FLUSHES, and Dr. Lecter re-appears, looking jaunty.

PEMBRY
Okay, Doc, grab some floor. Same drill as lunchtime.

Lecter sits on the floor, legs straight, then wriggles backwards. He stretches his arms behind him, hands and wrists through the bars, with two bars between them, and clasps his hands.

DR. LECTER
I'm ready when you are, Officer Pembry.

Pembry comes around the cell to squat behind Lecter. He tugs

his hands farther out, rather roughly, handcuffs his wrists. He shakes the cuffs, making sure of them, then nods to Boyle.

NEW ANGLE - AT CELL DOOR -

as Boyle picks up the dinner tray, and Pembry crosses around. Pembry takes the keys from Boyle, unlocks the cell door, and pushes it inward. Boyle goes inside with the tray.

DR. LECTER

watches as Boyle approaches the table, about five feet from him. Boyle has to set his tray down on the floor to clear off some of the mess of drawings. The MUSIC plays on.

VERY CLOSE ON -

Dr. Lecter's hands, outside the bars, as the makeshift key, held between the tips of his right index and middle fingers, searches for the keyhole of the cuffs. And finds it.

NEW ANGLE - FAVORING BOYLE -

as he finishes clearing the drawings, then turns back towards Dr. Lecter, stooping to pick up the tray.

BOYLE'S RIGHT HAND -

is just inches from the tray when Lecter's hand darts INTO SHOT, snapping a handcuff onto his wrist.

BOYLE

looks up, astonished, to find himself right in the grinning face of Dr. Lecter - who just as quickly rolls sideways, and snaps -

THE OTHER CUFF

around the bolted leg of the table. And suddenly all natural SOUND and MOTION are suspended, as the MUSIC soars much louder, each separate note of it now echoing distinctly, and we see...

VARIOUS ANGLES - EACH BLURRING INTO STOP-ACTION -

Pembry starting into the cell, reaching for his riot baton...

Lecter smashing against the cell door, driving it into Pembry, pinning him across the chest, against the door frame...

Boyle, on one knee on the floor, digging desperately in his pants pocket for his handcuff key...

Pembry's eyes, widening in horror as he stares at...

Lecter's bared teeth, flashing towards him...

Boyle finding his key, but in his terror dropping it...

Lecter yanking the mace can and riot baton from the dazed Pembry's belt, spraying him in his bloody face, then clubbing him to his knees...

Boyle, mouth open in a silent scream, finding his key again, unlocking the handcuff, but then, as he starts to rise, seeing...

Lecter standing over him, with the riot baton raised high; he swings it viciously down, again and again and again... Then normal SOUND and MOTION are restored as we go to -

CLOSE ANGLE ON -

the cassette player, and the portrait of Clarice, both now flecked with blood. In addition to the Bach, we now hear soft PANTING, close by, and whimpering SOBS in the b.g.

ANGLE ON DR. LECTER

eyes closed, lost in a favorite passage of the music. His bloody fingers drift airily with the notes, as his breathing slows to normal. He opens his eyes, sighs contentedly, looks down.

HIS POV -

By the sprawled legs of Boyle lie various objects that spilled from his pants pocket - coins, a comb, a big pocketknife.

DR. LECTER

picks up the pocketknife, examines it happily. About a four-inch blade. He becomes aware of the WHIMPERING, O.S., turns.

LOW ANGLE ON PEMBRY

as he crawls, with torturous slowness, towards the command desk, and the phone. He is crying, but frantically determined.

PEMBRY'S POV - PARTIALLY BLURRED, THEN CLEARING -

Above the desk, hanging from pegs, are his and Boyle's holstered revolvers..

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

The bronze arrow above the elevator swings towards "5," then indicates a stop there, at the top floor.

FAVORING SGT. TATE -

at his command desk, as he stares at the indicator. Another cop, JACOBS, sits on the desk's edge, flipping through a magazine; many more cops can be seen beyond them, idling in the lobby.

SGT. TATE
What is this shit...? Did somebody go up to five?
(Jacobs shakes his head)
Call Pembry, ask him what -

A GUNSHOT, and then, moments later, TWO MORE quick ones, echo down the nearby stairwell. Sgt. Tate jumps to his feet, grabs a radio mike, as the other cops stir, confused and noisy.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into mike)
CP, shots fired on five! Repeat, shots fired on five! Outside posts look sharp, we've got a... Ho-ly shit.

THE BRONZE ARROW

has begun to descend. Down to 4, then past 4...

BACK ON SGT. TATE -

as he reacts. The other cops, behind him, are now in a full uproar, shouting, pulling out guns.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
SHUT UP...! Guard mount, double up on your outside posts. Bobby, get the vests. Rainey, Howard, cover that fucking elevator if it comes all the way to -

A COP (O.S.)
It stopped!

THE BRONZE ARROW -

has, indeed, frozen at 3.

SGT. TATE

lifts the microphone again.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Seal off a ten-block radius. Get me the SWAT team and an ambulance, double quick. We're going up.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT (DIMLY LIT)

HIGH ANGLE on Sgt. Tate as he leads a five-man squad, all in bulletproof vests, up the stone stairs. They move fast but carefully, covering each other from landing to landing with drawn revolvers, shotguns. The distant Bach MUSIC makes a ghostly echo in here...

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT (DIMLY LIT)

A thin rectangle of light on the floor from the open elevator door. We can't see inside. The MUSIC sounds closer.

SGT. TATE

approaches very cautiously, gun aimed. The other cops, behind him, fan out silently to set up angles of fire, checking the various office doors - all locked - as they creep up.

MOVING ANGLE - OVER TATE'S SHOULDER -

as he reaches the side of the elevator, hesitates, then spins to point his gun inside. It's empty. He backs away.

SGT. TATE
(shouts at ceiling)
Pembry? Boyle...?

CUT TO:

INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT (BRIGHTLY LIT)

ANGLE on the door, from inside, its lettering reversed on the frosted glass. The Bach is VERY LOUD. After a moment the door is shouldered open, hard enough for the glass to shatter, Tate following his gun inside, moving low, then other cops appearing behind him in the doorframe. They all freeze, staring in utter horror.

SGT. TATE
Oh no... no...

THEIR POV -

is a brief snapshot from hell. The two uniformed bodies, one sprawled on its back near the door, the other still in the cell, have been savaged by a knife. Blood and gore everywhere. The faces are unrecognizable.

SGT. TATE -

struggles for control, as the other cops move grimly around him, into the room. He pulls his walkie-talkie from his belt.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into mike)
Command post... Two offi-
(a beat; clears his throat)
Two officers down. Prisoner is missing. Repeat, Lecter is missing... He's stripped the bed, might be making a rope, check all windows. Where the fuck is my ambulance?

IN THE CELL -

a cop angrily punches OFF the music. Jacobs kneels with his fingers on Boyle's neck.

JACOBS
Boyle is dead, Sarge. His gun's gone...

AT THE OTHER BODY -

a cop gently removes a revolver from the bloody fist. Murray, the young patrolman, brings his ear reluctantly close to the gory face. A bloody bubble appears there; the wreckage GROANS, very softly.

MURRAY
This one's alive!

Tate crosses, kneels to see for himself. Murray looks green.

SGT. TATE
Take ahold of him where he can feel your hands, son. Talk to him.

MURRAY
What's his name, Sarge?

SGT. TATE
It's Pembry, now talk to him, God dammit.
(into radio, looking around)
Boyle's dead, Pembry's real bad. Lecter is missing and armed - he took Boyle's gun...

The other cop, checking the cylinder of Pembry's gun, holds up one finger to Tate.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into radio)
Pembry got off one round - there's a chance Lecter was hit. We heard a total of three shots fired, so he's got four left... He's got a knife, too.

80 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF COURTHOUSE - NIGHT 80

VARIOUS ANGLES on a floodlit scene of barely controlled pandemonium. Flashing red lights, men shouting commands, SIRENS in the distance. SWAT members, in full gear, leap from a black van, fan out... swarm up the steps... EMS orderlies unload a gurney from an ambulance... Cops kneel for cover behind cars, aiming guns and rifles up at the windows...

CUT TO:

81 INT. HISTORICAL SOCIETY ROOM - NIGHT 81

A trio of EMS orderlies work fast over the body, already strapped on its gurney. They bandage a big plastic airway into place, over the butchered face, checking for a pulse at the neck. Young Murray crouches, sickened, gripping a bloody fist.

MURRAY
You're just fine, Pembry, lookin' good, buddy, you're gonna make it...

One orderly massages the heart. Another is popping a plasma bag, ready to insert the needle, when the body starts convulsing.

ORDERLY
Downstairs - let's go!

Quickly the gurney is elevated, wheeled out of the room, with cops rushing forward to open the doors, help push. SWAT men are running by in the hall, automatic rifles at the ready...

CUT TO:

82 INT. THE ELEVATOR - DESCENDING - NIGHT 82

In the corner of the elevator, the trio of EMS orderlies surround * the shaking body. Sgt. Tate, riding down with Jacobs and Murray, has* his radio out.

SGT. TATE
(into mike)
Ten-four, Lieutenant, I'm on the elevator, bringing it down. Pembry and Boyle are both cleared, top three floors secured, main stairwell secured. He's somewhere on -

A spot of blood falls on his cheek. He and Jacobs stare at each other. Another spot hits his shoulder. They look up.

THEIR POV -

Blood is dripping slowly from the corner of the service hatch.

SGT. TATE

motions for silence, as both men softly draw their guns.

SGT. TATE (contd.)
(into mike)
Uh, we're pretty sure he's somewhere on two, sir... That's all for now, over.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open, and Tate and Jacobs hurry out, stepping quickly to the side. Tate reaches back in and -

CLOSE ANGLE -

locks the elevator into position, with its doors open.

OTHER COPS

are rushing up to them, curious, as Tate frantically pushes them aside, gesturing for silence.

SGT. TATE
(whispers)
He's on the roof of the elevator!

CUT TO:

INT. THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Two SWAT officers, PETERSON and KUBELL, turn a key, unlocking and opening this floor's elevator doorway. The shaft is dark. Lying prone, they inch up to the edge. Peterson extends a mirror, on a long pole, out into the shaft.

IN THE MIRROR (DISTORTED BY THE ANGLE) -

is a distant figure, in a green prison jumpsuit, lying on his stomach, atop the elevator. A shiny revolver is near one hand.

PETERSON

whispers into a radio, as Kubell carefully tips an assault rifle, with a flashlight taped to its barrel, over the edge.

PETERSON
I see him... There's a weapon by his hand. He's not moving...

RADIO VOICE
One warning. We need him alive.

Peterson nods to Kubell, who switches ON the flashlight, as Peterson shouts down the shaft.

PETERSON
LECTER!! PUT YOUR HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!!

IN THE MIRROR -

the green figure shows no movement.

ANGLE ON THE COPS AGAIN

PETERSON (contd.)
One in the leg.

VERY CLOSE ON

the figure below, as Kubell's gunshot ROARS, echoing hugely in the shaft, and a slug rips through the jumpsuited leg. The figure doesn't stir.

PETERSON

staring down the shaft, raises his mike again.

PETERSON (contd.)
No movement.

RADIO VOICE
Okay, Johnny, hold your fire...

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - NIGHT

A small army of cops is now covering the elevator doorway, from both sides. Tate crouches next to the SWAT COMMANDER.

SWAT COMMANDER
(into radio mike)
We're coming into the car, we're opening the hatch. Watch his hands. Any fire will come from us. Affirm?

PETERSON'S VOICE
Got it.

The SWAT commander hands his radio to another cop, then looks at Tate. A long, tense moment. Then he waves a signal.

MOVING ANGLE

as we follow a picked team of three SWAT cops, in full body armor, rushing into the elevator car. As one man aims an assault

rifle, a second sets a stepladder in place, and the third man hurries up the ladder and unclips the hatch.

CLOSE ON

the service hatch, as the hinged cover drops open, and a body tumbles through, dangling head first, until it's caught at the waist. We see the back of the head.

SGT. TATE

shoulders through the SWAT cops for a closer look. He turns towards the SWAT commander, astonished.

SGT. TATE
That's Pembry!

CUT TO:

INT. EMS AMBULANCE - MOVING

In the rear chamber, a young EMS ATTENDANT is braced against the vehicle's sway. Behind him, the stretchered form of his patient, and, through a curtained opening, the driver. SOUND of the siren.

ATTENDANT
(into radio mike)
He's comatose, but his vital signs are good. Pressure's 130 over 90... Yeah, 90! Pulse 85...

Behind him, in slightly BLURRED FOCUS, the bloody figure sits slowly upright...

ATTENDANT (contd.)
His convulsions have stopped, but he's got so much loose skin on his face, it's hard to tell if -

Suddenly he stops, becoming aware of a strange HISSING. He turns, puzzled...

THE POCKETKNIFE BLADE -

in Lecter's fist, flashes high in the air...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIX-LANE FREEWAY - NIGHT (ARC LIGHTS)

MOVING ANGLE on the EMS ambulance, as it races along normally, SIREN blaring. Then suddenly it begins to weave erratically, changing lanes, before drifting dangerously to a full stop, almost sideways. Cars swerve to avoid hitting it, HONKING angrily...

CLOSER ANGLE

on the stopped ambulance. After a long, still moment, the windshield wipers come on, incongruously, then stop. Then the SIREN is shut OFF, and the flashers. The ambulance starts rolling again - at first jerkingly, then with increasing speed. We follow it for several more moments, until it passes - and we LINGER on...

A BIG GREEN INTERSTATE SIGN -

that reads "Memphis International Airport / 2 miles."

CLOSE ANGLE - THROUGH AMBULANCE WINDSHIELD

Dr. Lecter's face is slowly REVEALED, as he wipes across it with a fistful of gauze, tossing this aside...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MONTANA PLAIN - DUSK - (IN FLASHBACK)

MOVING ANGLE, rushing with dizzy swiftness over the prairie, over waving grasses... a long passage... before we come at last to the girl Clarice, sitting with her lamb, hunched in despair. She rises, her face tear-stained, and turns away from us. Holding the lamb, she starts back the way she came...

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY DIRT ROAD - NIGHT - BRIGHT MOONLIGHT

MOVING ANGLE, very rapid, down this road... coming at last to a stopped sheriff's car. Clarice, with her lamb, is standing in the car's headlights. She starts wearily towards it...

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH BARNYARD - NEAR DAWN

CRANE ANGLE - sweeping rapidly DOWN into the barnyard towards the arriving sheriff's car, as it stops... RUSHING to the little girl as she steps from the car, holding the lamb. The dark figure of the rancher ENTERS FRAME. As he roughly takes the lamb from her, we HOLD on a CLOSEUP of her face - stunned, blank. She EXITS FRAME...

CUT TO:

EXT. BARN - DAWN

MOVING ANGLE - child's POV - as she walks towards the open barn doorway... It looms CLOSER... The rancher is revealed, a shadowy figure, pinning the lamb on his killing table. His knife hand sweeps up high, then holds... He turns TO CAMERA,

his face breaking into the light - and it is the face of Dr. Lecter. He smiles his terrible smile at the young Clarice...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI DORM - PAY PHONE IN HALLWAY - NIGHT

MOVING ANGLE - rushing in very CLOSE on the adult Clarice's face - shocked, devastated - as she stands alone by the dangling receiver...

ARDELIA (V.O.)
They found the ambulance...

CUT TO:

INT. CLARICE'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Clarice is hunched on her cot, still stunned. The Buffalo Bill case file, a thick bundle, rests by her feet. Ardelia hovers anxiously nearby.

ARDELIA (contd.)
In the parking garage at Memphis airport. The crew was dead. He killed a tourist, too. Got his clothes, cash... By now he could be anywhere.

Clarice looks up. Her eyes are red-rimmed with exhaustion, and something close to despair. She reads Ardelia's thought.

CLARICE
No. He won't come after me.

ARDELIA
Why not?

CLARICE
You don't know him, it's hard to explain, but... he would consider that rude.
(a beat)
He's won, Ardelia. It's over.

Ardelia sits beside her, touches her arm.

ARDELIA
Clarice - you did the best anybody could have for Catherine Martin. You stuck your neck out for her and you got your butt kicked for her and you tried. It's not your fault it ended this way.

CLARICE
The worst part - the thing that's making me crazy - is that Bill is right in front of me. Only I can't see him...
(touching the case file)
Lecter said, everything I need to catch him is right here, in these pages...

ARDELIA
Lecter said a lot of things.

CLARICE
(shakes her head)
He's here, Ardelia.

Ardelia stares back at her. SOUND UPCUT - the low throb of a washing machine...

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - ACADEMY DORM - NIGHT (VERY LATE)

Clarice has spread out the case file across two washing machines. Ardelia, cross-legged on a dryer, studies another pile of forms. Nearby is their laundry basket, detergent box.

ARDELIA
(surprised)
Hey, is this Lecter's handwriting?

She holds up the map, with its location markings for the kidnapping and body dump sites. Clarice takes it, looks.

INSERT - THE MAP -

with newly inked words in Lecter's precise, elegant hand.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Clarice, doesn't this random scattering of sites seem overdone to you? Doesn't it seem desperately random - like the elaborations of a bad liar?
Ta... Hannibal Lecter.

CLARICE

looks up at Ardelia, puzzled but excited.

CLARICE
"Desperately random." What does he mean?

ARDELIA
Not random at all, maybe. Like there's some pattern here...?

CLARICE
But there is no pattern. There's no connection at all among these places, or the computers would've nailed it! They're even found in random order.

ARDELIA
Well, except for the one girl.

CLARICE
(beat)
What girl?

ARDELIA
The one that was weighted down. Where is she...? Fred something.

They search among the inserts. Clarice finds the graduation photo.

CLARICE
Fredrica Bimmel, from Belvedere, Ohio. The first girl taken, but the third body found... Why?

ARDELIA
'Cause she didn't drift. He weighted her down.

CLARICE
But why? He didn't weight the others.

Clarice moves, on fire, unable to keep still.

CLARICE (contd.)
The first, what the hell did Lecter say about... "First principles," he said. Simplicity... What does this guy do, he "covets." How do we first start to covet? "We covet what we see - "

She stops, turns. She grabs the photo of Fredrica from Ardelia, stares at it. She looks up, trembling.

CLARICE (contd.)
"- every day."

ARDELIA
(softly)
Hot damn, Clarice.

CLARICE (V.O.)
He knew her...!

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR - DAY

Clarice and Crawford are seated in front of Director Burke, who's at his desk. Another chair is empty, because Krendler is pacing. All four are nearing their boiling points.

CLARICE (contd.)
Maybe he lives in this, this Belvedere, Ohio, too! Maybe he saw her every day, and killed her sort of spontaneously. Maybe he just meant to... give her a 7-Up and talk about the choir. But then -

KRENDLER
Starling -

CLARICE
But then he had to cover up, make her seem just like all the rest of them. That's what Lecter was hinting!

KRENDLER
The market in Lecter hints is way down today, okay? I've got two good men dead in Memphis, and three civilians. I've got -

CRAWFORD
Who the hell's fault is -

KRENDLER
- a U.S. Senator who's half out of her head because her daughter's going to be murdered today! And all because of your mind games with fucking Lecter!

CRAWFORD
If you hadn't interfered, he'd still be in custody in Baltimore!

BURKE
Jack -

KRENDLER
You sent in a green recruit, with a phony goddamn offer -

CRAWFORD
You're just trying to cover your ass for letting him escape!

BURKE
THAT'S ENOUGH! All of you...

A long silence, as they all struggle to regain composure.

Crawford, who was at the point of striking Krendler, finally retakes his seat. Burke looks sadly at Clarice.

BURKE (contd.)
(very reluctantly)
Starling, I'm afraid I have no choice. You're suspended from the Academy.
(Crawford starts to interrupt)
Not another word!
(to Clarice)
This is pending a reevaluation of your fitness for the service. I promise you'll get a fair hearing.
(pause)
Jack... you're exhausted. I want you to take some sick leave. Spend the rest of of the day briefing the AG's office, then transfer command of the task force, effective at 1800 hours... I'm sorry, Jack.

Clarice and Crawford stare back at him, drained. A long and very painful silence. Not even Krendler looks happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE FBI BUILDING - DAY

Clarice and Crawford walk out slowly, stand there a moment, not knowing what to say, not wanting to face each other.

CLARICE
All his victims are women... His obsession is women, he lives to hunt women. But not one woman is hunting him - except me. I can walk in a woman's room and know three <u>times</u> as much about her as a man would.
(beat)
I have to go to Belvedere.

CRAWFORD
You heard them. I don't have that authority anymore.

CLARICE
You do until six p.m.

He stares at her sadly. He looks, for the first time, defeated, old beyond his years.

CRAWFORD
Ohio is cold ground. Picked over, ten months ago. Our people worked it, so did the locals.

CLARICE
But not from this angle. Not thinking he knew her. You've got to send me!

CRAWFORD
You're suspended! Impersonating a federal agent is a felony.

CLARICE
He's going to kill her, Mr. Crawford, This morning, or maybe at noon, but today, and Belvedere's our last chance. I'm flying there, right now, unless you stop me. You want my ID? Here - take it...

He stares at her, a long moment. Catherine's life. Clarice's passion, and future. His loyalty to the Bureau. Call it.

CRAWFORD
(pulls out his wallet)
There's about $300 here... And a hot-line code number. They'll patch you through to me, wherever I am.

She raises her hand to him. She wants to touch his face, or his neck, but can't. Finally she takes his money and card.

CLARICE
Thank you.

SOUND UPCUT - the scratchy recording of Fats Waller SINGING, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON the moth cage, as Mr. Gumb's fingers search through the humus, and find a plump new cocoon, lifting it out. The door of the cage is left open, and one or two of the adult moths flutter out. The MUSIC continues in the b.g.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
Preeeeecious...! Come, Precious! Busybusy day today...

CLOSE ON a clean towel, beside the sink. The cocoon is gently placed in readiness alongside four shiny skinning knives.

MR. GUMB (contd., O.S.)
Momma's gonna be sooo beautiful!

CLOSE ON a stainless steel Colt Python, with a six-inch barrel,

as the cylinder is spun, and the hammer gets a practice cock. The metallic CLICK is deep and loud. A note of alarm has entered Mr. Gumb's voice.

MR. GUMB (contd., O.S.)
You come here right this minute!

LONG ANGLE on Mr. Gumb, wearing his kimono over slacks and a tee shirt, as he walks through his sewing workroom. His back is to us; he is looking anxiously under the furniture. He stops, straightens. Genuinely scared.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Precious...?

LOW ANGLE - OVER THE PIT OPENING -

towards Mr. Gumb, as he stops at one of the doorways of the oubliette chamber. He stares inside; his face in shadows.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Sweetheart...?

CATHERINE (O.S.)
She's down here you sack of shit.

Mr. Gumb's fist flies to his mouth, and he sags against the doorframe. A little groan escapes him; the dog answers with a series of YIPS.

UPWARD ANGLE, FROM THE PIT BOTTOM

as Mr. Gumb's dark shape leans cautiously over the edge.

MR. GUMB
Precious, are you all right?

REVERSE ANGLE ON CATHERINE -

crouched to one side, clutching the dog to her chest. Seeing Mr. Gumb, the dog squirms frantically, BARKING.

CATHERINE
Get me a telephone. Lower it down here. Do it <u>now</u>, mister! I don't want to have to hurt this little dog.

CUTTING BETWEEN THEM

as Mr. Gumb stammers with fear and confusion.

MR. GUMB
No! It - it must not hurt -

CATHERINE
Me! Not "it." You're talking to me, scumbag.

With a cry of fury, he whips the Colt from inside his kimono. The muzzle gleams as he takes aim. Catherine yanks the dog up, into his line of fire, screaming at him.

CATHERINE (contd.)
You shoot motherfucker you better kill me quick or I'll break her fucking neck, I swear to God!

MR. GUMB
Nooooo...!

Tucking the dog under one arm, she grabs its muzzle, twisting the head. The dog WHINES piteously.

CATHERINE
Back off, you son of a bitch! Back off!

Mr. Gumb cries out again - a terrible, inarticulate scream of rage and anguish. But then he slowly lowers his gun.

CATHERINE

maintains her grip on the dog.

CATHERINE (contd.)
That's better... Now get me a live telephone. Get a long extension and lower it down here... And you better do it fast, too, 'cause I think her leg's broken. She's in pain, mister, she needs a vet.

MR. GUMB

stares down at her, a long beat, breathing heavily. It is an unfamiliar and painful experience to address her directly.

MR. GUMB
You - think - she's in pain? You don't know - what pain is. But you're going to find out...

And abruptly he vanishes. SOUND of his footsteps, rushing off.

CATHERINE

begins shaking, hands and arms twitching uncontrollably. She hugs the little dog tight to her chest, buries her face in its fur, sobbing...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BELVEDERE, OHIO - DAY

HIGH ANGLE as a rented sedan pulls up to the curb, stops. After a moment Clarice climbs out, a bit stiffly. Double-checking this address, she glances up from a folded street map to -

AN OLD, THREE-STORY WOODEN HOUSE

in a row of similarly shabby homes, all backing onto a narrow river. A path of boards, laid over mud, leads back along this house towards the brown water. SOUND of hammering from there.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIMMEL HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

An awesome huddle of pigeon coops sprawls by the brackish water. The birds' COOING mixes with the HAMMERING. A tall, gaunt man in a knit cap is obsessively pounding nails into a new coop.

CLARICE

approaches him, and the man lowers his hammer. He has red-rimmed eyes of watery blue. His face is deeply seamed.

CLARICE
Mr. Bimmel...?

He stares back at her, warily.

CUT TO:

INT. BIMMEL HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE - LOOKING DOWN - as Mr. Bimmel leads Clarice up a steep flight of steps. The bannister is worn, sags a bit.

MR. BIMMEL
I don't know nothin' new to tell ya. The police been back here so many times already... Fredrica went into Columbus on the bus to see about a job. She left the interview o.k. She never come home.
(beat)
Her room's how she left it. Just shut the door when you're done.

CUT TO:

INT. FREDRICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

CLARICE'S POV - MOVING SLOWLY - as she takes in flowery chintz curtains... posters of Madonna and Blondie... a twin bed, with worn, stuffed animals on the pillow... a big sewing machine.

CLARICE

turns, absorbing nuances. There is loneliness here, an echo of desperation. A shrill MEOW, and she looks down...

A BIG TORTOISESHELL CAT

is rubbing against her ankles.

CLARICE

picks up the cat, scratches behind his ears. She glances up.

IN A FULL-LENGTH MIRROR -

she and the cat stare back at their own reflections...

CUT TO:

Clarice, sitting at the desk, turns the pages of a high school yearbook. The cat is curled on her lap...

CUT TO:

Clarice, kneeling by the old Decca record player, flips through LPs and singles. The cat wanders off...

CUT TO:

Clarice pulling a string to light up the closet. She is surprised and intrigued to see an extensive wardrobe, groaning from the rod. A shelf above the rod is stacked high with sewing supplies, in clear plexiboxes. She flips through the hanging clothes, pulls out one dress for a closer look.

THE DRESS

is very big, to fit Fredrica, but beautifully cut. Some of the seams still look unfinished. She turns it around, sees a blue tissue dressmaker's pattern still pinned to the back.

FAVORING THE SEWING MACHINE -

as Clarice turns, looks towards it. She hangs the dress on the closet door knob, crosses to sit at the machine. She takes off its dust cover. She runs one hand over the cool metal, as a taunting memory forms in her mind.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Billy wants to change, too, Clarice.

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
But there's the problem of his size, you see...

She turns, looks again at the unfinished dress. Suddenly she straightens, her attention riveted by something...

ON THE PRINTED PATTERN -

at the lower back of the dress, are two bold black triangles. We RUSH CLOSER to these shapes, before jumping back to -

CLARICE

who stares at them, starting to tremble.

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Even if he were a woman, he'd have to be such a big one...

IN FLASHBACK -

those missing triangles of skin on the dead girl's back, in the funeral home in West Virginia...

CLOSE ON CLARICE

as she jumps to her feet, with a fierce joy.

CLARICE
Sewing darts. You bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. BIMMEL PARLOR - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Clarice paces, in an exuberant rush, amidst the worn furniture.

CLARICE
(into phone)
He's making himself a "woman suit," Mr. Crawford - out of real women! And he can sew, this guy, he's really skilled. A dressmaker, or a tailor -

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Starling -

CLARICE
That's why they're all so big - because he needs a lot of skin! He keeps them alive to starve them awhile - to loosen their skin, so that -

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Starling, we know who he is! And where he is. We're on our way now.

CLARICE
(pause; surprised)
Where?

CUT TO:

INT. FBI TURBOJET - FLYING - DAY

Crawford sits at a communications console, with Burroughs, in headphones, by his side. This forward section of the cabin is crammed with hi-tech equipment, all lit up and WHIRRING. Through a window we see clouds, part of the jet's wing.

CRAWFORD
(into speaker phone)
Calumet City, edge of Chicago. I'll be on the ground in 45 minutes with the Hostage Rescue Team. I'm back in charge, Starling. He's mine.

INTERCUTTING -

as Clarice reacts; her happiness for Crawford is tinged with disappointment at being so suddenly out of the hunt.

CLARICE
(on phone)
Sir, that's great news. But how -

CRAWFORD
Johns Hopkins finally coughed up some names for us. We fed them into Known Offenders, and one guy came up cherries.
(takes a paper from Burroughs)
Subject's name is "Jamie Gumb," AKA "John Grant." Lecter's description was accurate, he just lied about the name.

INSIDE THE JET - MOVING ANGLE -

from the rear of the cabin forward, as we slowly PASS the twelve-man HRT. They're seated in full gear, hardshell armor, quietly checking and cleaning their bulging cases of weapons - silencer automatics, shotguns, stun grenades...

CRAWFORD (contd., O.S.)
This Gumb's a real beauty. Slaughtered both his grandparents when he was twelve, and did nine years in juvenile psychiatric. Where, Starling, he took vocational

CRAWFORD (contd., O.S.)
rehab, and learned a useful trade...

INTERCUTTING -

CLARICE
Sewing...

CRAWFORD
Take a bow. Customs had some paper on his alias. They stopped a carton two years ago at LAX - live caterpillars from Surinam. The addressee was "John Grant." Calumet Power & Light's given us two possible residences under that alias. We're hitting one, Chicago SWAT's taking the other.

CLARICE
(eagerly)
Chicago's only about 400 miles from here. I could be there in -

CRAWFORD
No, Starling, there isn't time. And you've still got crucial work to do in Ohio. We want him for murder, not kidnapping. I need you to link him to the Bimmel girl, before he's indicted.

Clarice tries hard to swallow her disappointment.

CLARICE
Yes sir... I'll do my best.

CRAWFORD
(pause; gently)
Starling - we wouldn't have found him without you, and nobody's ever going to forget that. Least of all me.

CLARICE
Yes sir. Thank you, sir...

CRAWFORD

switches off, feeling bad for her. On the console near him, the fax machine starts to CHATTER. He turns, looks.

BURROUGHS (O.S.)
Here he comes, Jack.

CLOSE ON

B109 CONT an emerging sheet, as Gumb's face is printed out. We see just his hair, then the top of his forehead, before we... B109 CONT

CUT TO:

109 EXT. BIMMEL FOYER - DAY 109*

* Mr. Bimmel, working out back. He glances up at the house, pausing at what he sees inside the window. *

* MR. BIMMEL'S POV *

* Framed by the window, Clarice, seated by the phone, elbow resting on the table, her forehead against her hand, silently laughing, crying. *

CUT TO:

110 EXT. AN ISOLATED RUNWAY - O'HARE AIRPORT - DAY 110

The FBI turbojet is parked, its gangway down. Crawford, Burroughs, and the HRT squad, carrying their bags of weapons, CLATTER rapidly down the metal steps...

A111 INT. SAVINGS AND LOAN - BELVEDERE - DAY A111

Through a window of a Savings and Loan we see a bank manager introduce a teller to Clarice.

STACY (V.O.)

Freaked me <u>out</u>. Get your <u>skin</u> peeled off, is that a bummer..?

111 INT. DINER - BELVEDERE - DAY 111

STACY HUBKA - short, perky, early 20's - sits at a booth with Clarice, talking. They both drink a soda, as Clarice jots in her notebook.

STACY (contd.)
They said she was just rags, like somebody just -

CLARICE
Stacy, did Fredrica ever mention a man named Jamie Gumb? Or John Grant?
(Stacy shakes her head)
Do you think she could've had a friend you didn't know about?

STACY
No way. She had a guy, I'da known, believe me. Sewing was her life, she was really great at it. Poor Freddie.

CLARICE
Did you ever work with her?

STACY
Oh sure, me'n Pam Malavesi used to help her do alterations for old Mrs. Lippman. Lots of people worked for her, she had the business from all these retail stores? But she was like, totally old, it was more'n she could handle.

CLARICE
Where does Mrs. Lippman live? I'd like to talk to her.

STACY
She died. She went to Florida to retire, like two years ago? She died down there.

Clarice reacts, disappointed at the ending of this trail.

STACY (contd.)
(beat; shyly)
Is that a pretty good job, FBI agent? You get to travel around and stuff? I mean - better places than this?

CLARICE
Sometimes you do.

STACY
Freddie was so happy for me when I got this job. This - toaster giveaways, and Barry Manilow on the speakers all day - she thought this was really hot shit. What did she know, big dummy...

Suddenly she's fighting tears. Clarice reaches to hug her.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CALUMET CITY, ILLINOIS - DAY

WIDE ANGLE on what appears to be, at first, a calm, ordinary neighborhood of working class one- and two-story houses. But after a few moments, we become aware of movement - armed, dark-clad figures creeping swiftly and in silence from shrubs to garage corners, appearing and then disappearing...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON Mr. Gumb, as he settles his big pair of infra-red night-vision goggles over his eyes. Moths flutter past his face. His mouth is set in a grim line...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - FRONT YARD - DAY

An HRT cop, prone beneath a hedge, is joined by a 2nd HRT Cop, who throws himself to the grass. They both take aim at -

TELEPHOTO ANGLE (WITH RIFLE CROSSHAIRS) -

The front door of a small, nearby, split-level house...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (DIM LIGHT)

CLOSE ON a fuse box, as Mr. Gumb reaches in, flips a switch. The lights go out, replaced by the green glow that he now sees instead...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - DAY

A little boy, riding his tricycle, is suddenly startled to find himself staring into the grim face of -

A MEMBER OF THE HRT -

crouched by his garage. As the little boy starts to cry, the cop pulls him into the shadows, covering his mouth...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Mr. Gumb, in his kimono and goggles, creeps silently through

his workrooms, the Colt held aloft, as more moths flutter past him in the eerie light...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - DAY

A florist's van turns the corner, comes slowly down the street and stops at the curb in front of the split-level. The driver, in a gray deliveryman's uniform and cap, climbs out of the cab, carrying a long, red-ribboned floral box. He starts calmly towards the house...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

MR. GUMB'S POV - MOVING ANGLE - on the top of the oubliette, a glowing green circle in the dark, as it draws closer and closer... and then Catherine comes INTO VIEW, at the bottom of the pit. She is crouched, exhausted, staring straight up at him - but she can't see him in this infra-red darkness. Precious is curled into her stomach, asleep. The futon is up to Catherine's hips, but there's a clear shot at her head.

MR. GUMB -

looking down at her, smiles...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN CALUMET CITY - SUSPECT'S HOUSE - DAY

Crawford and Burroughs, crouching behind the van with drawn guns, watch tensely as -

THE "DELIVERYMAN"

mounts three steps to the porch. Tucked into the small of his back is a 9 mm. automatic. He reaches towards the buzzer...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Slowly, savoring the moment, Mr. Gumb aims the big Colt, which is already cocked, using both hands... He is just about to squeeze the trigger, when we hear his DOOR BUZZER, surprisingly loud and close by. He turns, startled, and sees -

A DUSTY BLACK METAL BOX -

the extension buzzer, mounted high on the wall, which is making the hideous, grating JANGLE. It wakes Precious, who starts fran-

tically BARKING, O.S., as -

MR. GUMB

raises his gun again, spinning back towards -

HIS POV - THE PIT BOTTOM -

where Catherine, hearing but still not seeing him, quickly yanks the futon over both herself and the dog. Instantly the two of them become one squirming, indistinguishable mass.

MR. GUMB

bites his lip, his aim wavering, as he can't decide where to safely place his shot. The maddening BUZZER sounds again, even more insistently, and he cries out with frustration and fury. But as the BUZZER continues, he reluctantly uncocks his gun, looking up angrily towards his front door...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

The door opens, on a chain, and Clarice peers in, smiling.

CLARICE
Good afternoon... I wonder if you could help me. I'm looking for Mrs. Lippman's family?

Mr. Gumb frowns out at Clarice. For the first time ever, we get a well-lit view of his bland, pale-eyed moon of a face.

MR. GUMB
They don't live here anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY

The "deliveryman" yanks a 12 lb. sledgehammer from the floral box, swings it with all his might against the door knob, blowing it through, as -

MOVING ANGLE -

Crawford and Burroughs race towards the door, guns up...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Mr. Gumb starts to close his door, only to have Clarice push

back against it, politely but firmly. She holds up her ID.

CLARICE
Excuse me, but I really do need to talk to you. This was Mrs. Lippman's house. Did you know her?

MR. GUMB
(beat)
Just briefly. What's the problem, Officer?

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

A bedroom window disintegrates as a flash grenade is shot through it, EXPLODING on the floor. An instant later, a black-clad HRT cop dives through the shattered glass, rolls across the floor, comes up on one knee swivelling his sawed-off shotgun...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Clarice and Mr. Gumb, still looking through the door crack...

CLARICE
I'm investigating the death of Fredrica Bimmel. Who are you, please?

MR. GUMB
Jack Gordon.

CLARICE
Mr. Gordon, did you know Fredrica when she worked for Mrs. Lippman?

MR. GUMB
No... Wait. Was she a great, fat person? I may have seen her, I'm not sure...

CUT TO:

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

MOVING ANGLE as Burroughs moves quickly down a hallway and enters the living room, where Crawford is standing, with his gun held down by his side, surrounded by several other cops. Burroughs shakes his head: Nothing here...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S FRONT HALLWAY - DAY

Mr. Gumb glances briefly over his shoulder, towards his kitchen, then turns back to Clarice with a smile.

MR. GUMB
Mrs. Lippman had a son, maybe he could help you. I have his card somewhere. Why don't you step inside while I look for it?

He sees her hesitate, looking at his kimono.

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Oh, this. You woke me up. I work nights... Please - come in.

ANGLE FAVORING THE COLT PYTHON

which rests on a counter, just inside the open kitchen doorway. THROUGH this doorway, we watch as Mr. Gumb, at the end of his front hall, slips the chain. Clarice enters, looking around curiously, as he closes the door behind her.

CLARICE
Thanks, Mr. Gordon.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT YARD OF SUSPECT'S HOUSE - CALUMET CITY - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - towards the front door, as frustrated HRT cops file out of the empty house, rifles slung across their shoulders.

WE PICK OUT CRAWFORD -

walking across the grass towards the van, when all at once he stops in his tracks, shaken by a sudden flash of intuition. CAMERA RUSHES VERY CLOSE on his stricken face...

CRAWFORD
Clarice.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S PARLOR - DAY

Clarice, pulling her notebook from her shoulder bag, glances around the musty-looking room.

MR. GUMB (O.S.)
Those poor girls, I shiver every time I think about them...

Overstuffed furniture, porcelain figurines. One archway onto the front hall, another onto a dining alcove, and through

131 CONT there, the kitchen. Mr. Gumb is crossing to a rolltop desk, raising the top. He bends over, begins poking through cubby holes. His tone is casual, neutral. 131 CONT

MR. GUMB (contd.)
Are you close to catching somebody, do you think?

CLARICE
I think we may be, yes...

Mr. Gumb stiffens, almost imperceptibly. His back is to her, as he continues opening drawers, rustling papers.

CLARICE (contd.)
Mr. Gordon, did you take over this place after Mrs. Lippman died?

MR. GUMB
Yes. I bought the house from her, two years ago.

CLARICE
Did she leave any records here? Tax or business records? Maybe a list of employees?

* CLOSE ON A DEATH'S HEAD MOTH

* which buzzes its way into the room from the kitchen.

MR. GUMB
No, nothing at all... Has the FBI learned something? Because the police here don't seem to have the first clue...

CLARICE -

unaware, is still glancing around the room. For several agonizing moments, we think she won't see the moth - but then she turns, does see it, and her eyes freeze.

MR. GUMB (contd., V.O.)
Do you have his description yet, or some fingerprints...?

A beat of pure fear. A terrible struggle to keep her voice calm.

CLARICE
No... no, we don't.

Very carefully, she drops her notebook back into her bag, lowers the bag to the floor. With her fingertips she brushes back the edge of her blazer, loosening its drape.

MR. GUMB

turns back to her cheerfully, holding out a business card.

MR. GUMB
Ahhh. Here's that number.

CLARICE

keeps her distance. They are about ten feet apart.

CLARICE
Good, thank you. Mr. Gordon, can I use your phone, please?

MR. GUMB

is about to reply when the moth suddenly flies up from behind him, flutters past his face. He turns, looking at it. He looks back at Clarice, his mouth still open.

HER EYES

are unmoving, locked on his.

HIS EYES

stare back at her, widen. And they know each other.

MR. GUMB
(softly)
Yes. It can use my phone...

CLARICE

whips her gun out, gripping it in both shaking hands.

CLARICE
Freeze!

MR. GUMB

only smiles at this, tilting his head curiously to one side.

CLARICE

tries to force authority into her voice.

CLARICE (contd.)
Okay... Okay, Mr. Gumb, you're under

CLARICE (contd.)
arrest. Down on the floor, hands and legs spread, move it.

MR. GUMB

turns, then all at once, in two quick steps, he is gone, disappearing into his dining alcove, then kitchen.

CLARICE

hesitates, just a split second, to shoot him in the back - and then it's too late.

CLARICE
Shit!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S KITCHEN - DAY

Clarice hurries inside, moving low, swivelling her gun.

HER POV - MOVING -

The kitchen is empty. To one side, a door still shuddering on its hinges...

CLARICE

rushes to this - pauses - then elbows the door aside, aiming her gun down -

AN EMPTY STAIRWELL -

brightly lit, leading to the cellar. Two doors facing the bottom, both open. No sign of Mr. Gumb.

CLARICE

hates this, hates this, which door, it's a trap, what to do; she is very scared, but suddenly hears -

ANGLE ON THE STAIRWELL AGAIN -

the distant SCREAM of Catherine Martin, somewhere down there.

CLARICE

rushes through the doorway, and down the stairs.

BEHIND HER, ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER

there's an empty space; the Colt Python is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S CELLAR - DAY

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE - hurrying down the steps. More SCREAMS; they seem to be coming from the left door. Clarice goes that way, entering a brick-walled passage - pipes overhead, naked bulbs. The lighting, though dim, is incandescent; Mr. Gumb has switched off his infra-red system. Clarice comes to a T-shaped intersection, stops. Another SCREAM, again to her left, and the BARKING of a dog...

CLARICE

follows her gun around the corner, looking right.

EMPTY PASSAGEWAY -

but doors opening off it - he could be lurking behind any of them. She looks left... sees an opening onto some kind of chamber. The noises are LOUDER, coming from there.

CLARICE

moves cautiously towards this chamber...

CUT TO:

INT. OUBLIETTE CHAMBER - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice moves in, hugging the wall, gun swivelling...

HER POV - MOVING -

the open top of the pit... beyond it, the other two doorways, opening onto this room - Jesus, he could come through either one of them, or come up behind her... She moves to the pit, looks down, very briefly, sees Catherine SCREAMING, hysterical, and a little white dog BARKING...

CLARICE

kneels, staring up from one door to another, she can't cover them all, she's totally exposed - and what's a dog doing there?

CLARICE
FBI, Catherine, you're safe.

CATHERINE
Safe, SHIT, he's got a gun! Getmeout. GETMEOUT!

CLARICE
You're all right! Where is he?

CATHERINE
GETMEOUT!

CLARICE
I'll get you out! Just be quiet so I can hear. Shut that dog up... Is there a ladder? Is there a rope?

CATHERINE
IDON'TKNOW! GETMEOUT!!

CLARICE
Catherine. Listen to me. I have to find a rope. I have to leave this room, just for a minute, but -

CATHERINE
NOOOOO! You fucking bitch don't you LEAVE ME down here, DON'TYOU-

CLARICE
Shut UP...!
(then, louder)
THE OTHER OFFICERS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE! YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE NOW!

Ignoring Catherine, whose shouts turn to sobs, she backs away, turns, picks one of the other doorways, moves into it quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW PASSAGEWAY - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

CLARICE'S POV - MOVING - down this passageway, towards a new room... pausing at the doorway, straining to hear... no sound except Catherine's CRYING, now in the b.g., and Clarice's own rapid BREATHING. Then she crouches - LOWER ANGLE - bursts forward, through the doorframe, sidestepping...

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice weaves back and forth, half-crouched, gun out, back to the wall. Her face glistens with sweat, as she takes in...

HER POV - MOVING NERVOUSLY -

Mr. Gumb's sewing machine... the old Victrola... Big moths are crashing into the light bulbs, overhead; they're everywhere. Suddenly, from just behind her, a CLICK and a HUM, and -

CLARICE

spins, almost shoots, before seeing -

A SMALL REFRIDGERATOR -

with its thermostat just switching ON.

CLARICE

gasps for breath, fighting for calm. She turns again, slashing her free hand at the moths, moving quickly on...

CUT TO:

INT. SKINNING ROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Clarice moves past the mannequins, all of them naked now... then quickly past the huge Chinese armoire, ready to shoot into it. Its doors yawn open; it is empty except for several padded hangers... She moves on, past the big sink, with its DRIPPING faucet... the counter, with its gleaming knives...

A CLOSED DOOR

waits at the end of the room. Clarice starts to open it, then hesitates. Looking around, she seizes a wooden chair, wedges it under the door knob, sealing off this section of the cellar. With her back thus defended, she turns, softly retracing her steps.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKROOM - DAY (DIMLY LIT)

Passing again through the workroom, Clarice pauses, seeing a half-curtained door, to one side, that she had previously skirted. She crosses to the door, listens and hears no sound inside, takes a deep breath and reaches for the knob. She twists it, and, as it turns, shoves hard and follows her gun inside, all in one quick move...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (BRIGHTLY LIT)

An old-fashioned bathroom: tiled floor, sink, toilet - and a big, free-standing tub. An opaque shower curtain, suspended from an oval ring, hides whatever might be inside.

CLARICE -

centers her gun on the curtain, at chest height, and yanks it aside with her left hand. No one standing there. Something lower down catches her eye. She leans in, stares more closely, not understanding, at first, that she's seeing -

A FEMALE HAND AND WRIST

sticking up from the tub, which is filled with hard red-purple plaster. The hand is dark and shrivelled, with pink nail polish and a dainty wristwatch. As -

CLARICE

is reacting with horror to this sight, the lights go out, replaced by the GREENISH TINT of the infra-red. Clarice cries out, turns blindly, reaching for the door, can't find it, free hand clawing desperately. SOUND of Catherine KEENING again, in the far distance. Clarice stumbles, goes to her knees, rights herself, finally clutches the door frame...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. GUMB'S WORKROOM - DAY (GREEN LIGHT)

Clarice emerges from the bathroom in a half-crouch, arms out, both hands on the gun, extended just below the level of her unseeing eyes. She stops, listens. In her raw-nerved darkness, every SOUND is unnaturally magnified - the HUM of the refridgerator... the TRICKLE of water... her own terrified BREATHING, and Catherine's faraway, echoing SOBS... Moths smack against her face and arms. She eases forward, then stops again, listens... She eases forward again, following her gun, and creeps directly in front of, and then past -

MR. GUMB

who has flattened himself against a wall, arms spread like a high priest, Colt in one hand. He wears his goggles, and over his bare chest - draping down over his naked arms, like some hideous mantle - his terrifying, half-completed suit of human skins. This is an exquisite moment for him - a ritual of supreme exhaltation. She moves beyond him, pauses again.

PAST CLARICE'S FACE -

we watch as he steps out behind her, in utter silence. His free hand reaches slowly out, covetously, as if to stroke her skin - his fingers floating delicately through the air, just an inch or so away from the side of her face. And then, as he steps back and slowly, almost reluctantly takes his gun in both hands, raising it - then, in that excruciatingly suspended instant - she senses his presence. He's here, in this room - but where?

CLOSE ON

the Colt Python as - in SLOW MOTION - his thumbs cock the hammer, the SOUND registering as a LOUD METALLIC CLICK, and -

CLARICE

spins, still in SLOW MOTION, flame already leaping from her gun muzzle, as we see -

THE TWO FIGURES

almost at point-blank range, guns ROARING hugely, one FLASH from Mr. Gumb, and onetwothreefour FLASHES from Clarice, overlapping his, and then, as the ECHOES crash deafeningly -

CLOSE ON CLARICE - LOW ANGLE -

with NORMAL SPEED RESTORED, as the side of her face hits the floor, and she is gasping, stunned by the noise and flames; there's blood on her cheek, an ugly, pitted powder burn, but she ignores them, twisting to yank her speedloader from her jacket pocket, locking it blindly onto her gun's cylinder, reloading, right in front of her face, then rolling onto her stomach, aiming her gun upward again, blinking her dazzled eyes, straining to locate him in the darkness... Where is he, where...? Then, as the ECHOES finally fade, she hears something else - a tortured, sucking, WHISTLE from perhaps eight feet away...

MOVING ANGLE - WITH CLARICE

as she crawls forward, on her elbows, following her gun, until it bumps against Mr. Gumb's shoulder. He is lying on his back, chest a bloody mess. She slides her muzzle against his head, hard, but he doesn't move. He stares upwards, through his goggles, bloody lips working. One hand reaches slowly upwards, fingers twitching, as if to seize something, overhead... Then a final, ghastly groan, his hand drops, he is dead. Clarice feels for a pulse at his neck, making sure. Then, and only then, does she permit herself to roll over, collapsing onto her back.

OVERHEAD ANGLE -

down at the two faces - intimately close together, like lovers on their pillow. Then, as we PULL SLOWLY AWAY, we see that her staring eyes, and his dead gaze, are both locked onto -

A DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH -

perched on a light bulb, overhead, its wings pumping slowly. SOUND UPCUT - wailing SIRENS, many excited VOICES, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MR. GUMB'S HOUSE - DUSK

The front porch of the tall Victorian house is bathed in a glare of TV lights, police and ambulance flashers. Cops, reporters, EMS workers and curious civilians swarm around the ineffective

barricades. The BUZZ of their voices goes even higher as

CLARICE -

dazed, her face bandaged - comes out of the house, walking protectively beside Catherine, who is wheeled on a gurney. Catherine is still clutching the little dog, and refuses to give it up even as she's trundled into an ambulance. Clarice sways with exhaustion; everyone seems to be pulling at her at once. She tries to fight free of them, desperate for a familiar face.

AN OHIO HIGHWAY PATROL CAR

pulls up, stops, and Crawford climbs out of the back seat. He makes his way anxiously through the press of bodies, stopping when he reaches Clarice.

THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER

for a long moment, Crawford choked with pride for her, with sorrow for her ordeal, with love. He takes her shoulders in his hands.

CRAWFORD
Are you okay?

She nods, trembling. He reaches gently to touch her cheek, beside the bandage.

CLARICE
Gunpowder... the medic says it'll work itself out... I'm okay, Mr. Crawford.

CRAWFORD
I... you know what you did. You hit a home run. I'm proud of you. So's the whole damn Bureau...

He leans forward, kisses her forehead. He looks in her eyes again, still searching for the right words.

CRAWFORD (contd.)
Starling... your father sees you.

And then all at once she is crying, sobbing with released tension, her knees giving way, but he is there to catch her, he is hugging her fiercely. HOLD ON them for a long beat...

DIRECTOR BURKE (V.O.)
(into microphone)
Congratulations! You are now Special Agents in the Federal Bureau of Investigation...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FBI ACADEMY AUDITORIUM - WEEKS LATER - DAY

The forty members of Clarice's class, in their best dark suits and dresses, rise, then turn happily to wave to their audience, as APPLAUSE mounts. Beyond them, on a dais, the Director stands at his podium.

CLARICE AND ARDELIA

look at one another solemnly. Ardelia holds up both fists, in a power shake, and Clarice taps them with her own. She is radiantly beautiful in a navy dress and pearls, the scars on her cheek almost healed. She turns, searching among the dignitaries on the stage, till she locates

CRAWFORD

who smiles at her with quiet pride, offers a little salute.

CLARICE

grins - more happy than we've ever seen her - then turns to wave towards the crowd with the others. SOUND UPCUT - rock music, laughter - as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ACADEMY DORM - REC ROOM - THAT NIGHT

A LOUD party is underway - food, beer, dancing - as the new grads celebrate ferociously. Ardelia weaves her way to Clarice, who is talking to Crawford. He looks out of place - a good sport, holding a beer, here for his students' sake. Two special guests are also present: Pilcher and Roden, the ardent bug scientists. Ardelia has to shout over the din.

ARDELIA
Special Agent Starling! Telephone!

CLARICE
(surprised)
Special Agent Mapp! Thank you!

She nods to Crawford, leaves them. Roden, who is quite happily drunk, grabs the startled Ardelia around the waist.

RODEN
Hel-lo, gorgeous! Let's get down.

She looks at Crawford and Pilchard, alarmed; they grin.

PILCHER
Just ignore him. He's not a Ph.D.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Clarice picks up the dangling pay phone, speaks happily.

CLARICE
Starling...

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Well, Clarice, have the lambs stopped screaming...?

She freezes, stunned by the familiar voice. Then she turns, waving frantically towards

CRAWFORD

who is just inside the rec room door, at the end of the hall, lost in conversation with Pilcher. He doesn't see her.

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Don't bother with a trace, I won't be on long enough.

CLARICE

turns back, gripping the phone more tightly.

CLARICE
Where are you, Dr. Lecter?

CUT TO:

EXT. A CLEAR NIGHT SKY

Brilliant with stars, and a low moon, which shimmers off the sea. In the foreground, a fringe of beach, palm trees. We hear steel band MUSIC - soft, very romantic.

DR. LECTER (V.O.)
Where I have a view... Orion is looking splendid tonight, and Arcturus, the Herdsman, with his flock...

DROPPING DOWN

we see a tropical airstrip. A big propeller plane is parked, and dozens of loudly dressed vacationers are filing down its ramp and walking happily towards the terminal.

DR. LECTER (contd., V.O.)
Your flock is still for now, Clarice, but not forever...

CUT TO:

INT. TROPICAL AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Dr. Lecter is speaking on a pay phone, as he watches the arriving passengers drift past. He is immaculate in a crisp khaki suit and Panama hat. His appearance is quite altered - a mustache, glasses, lighter hair, a deep tan.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
(into phone)
You'll have to earn it again and again, you know, this blessed silence. For you, there will always be other lambs, on other nights.

INTERCUTTING -

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter -

DR. LECTER
I have no plans to call on you, Clarice, the world being more interesting with you in it... Be sure you extend me the same courtesy.

CLARICE
You know I can't make that promise.

DR. LECTER
(gently)
Then goodbye, Clarice...

He has seen something, O.S., that makes him quite happy.

DR. LECTER (contd.)
I really wish we could chat longer, but I'm having an old friend for dinner.

CLARICE

reacts, as a disturbing implication begins to set in.

CLARICE
Dr. Lecter...? Dr. Lecter!

But only a DIAL TONE comes from her phone.

ANGLE ON DR. LECTER

as he turns away from his own phone, watching

DR. FREDERICK CHILTON -

now a haunted fugitive, sweating under the weight of four bulging suitcases. He stops to wipe his sunglasses on the tail of his flowered shirt, while casting furtive glances around at his fellow travellers. Then he grips his bags again and staggers off down the concourse, past the steel band.

DR. LECTER

smiles, his eyes twinkling.

MOVING ANGLE -

the CAMERA pulling slowly AWAY, then UP, as Dr. Lecter begins to follow Chilton. We watch the two men for just a bit longer, before finally losing them both in a blur of pastel cruisewear and goofy hats and sunburned faces, while the dreamy, romantic MUSIC throbs on, and the tropical moon smiles down...

THE END.